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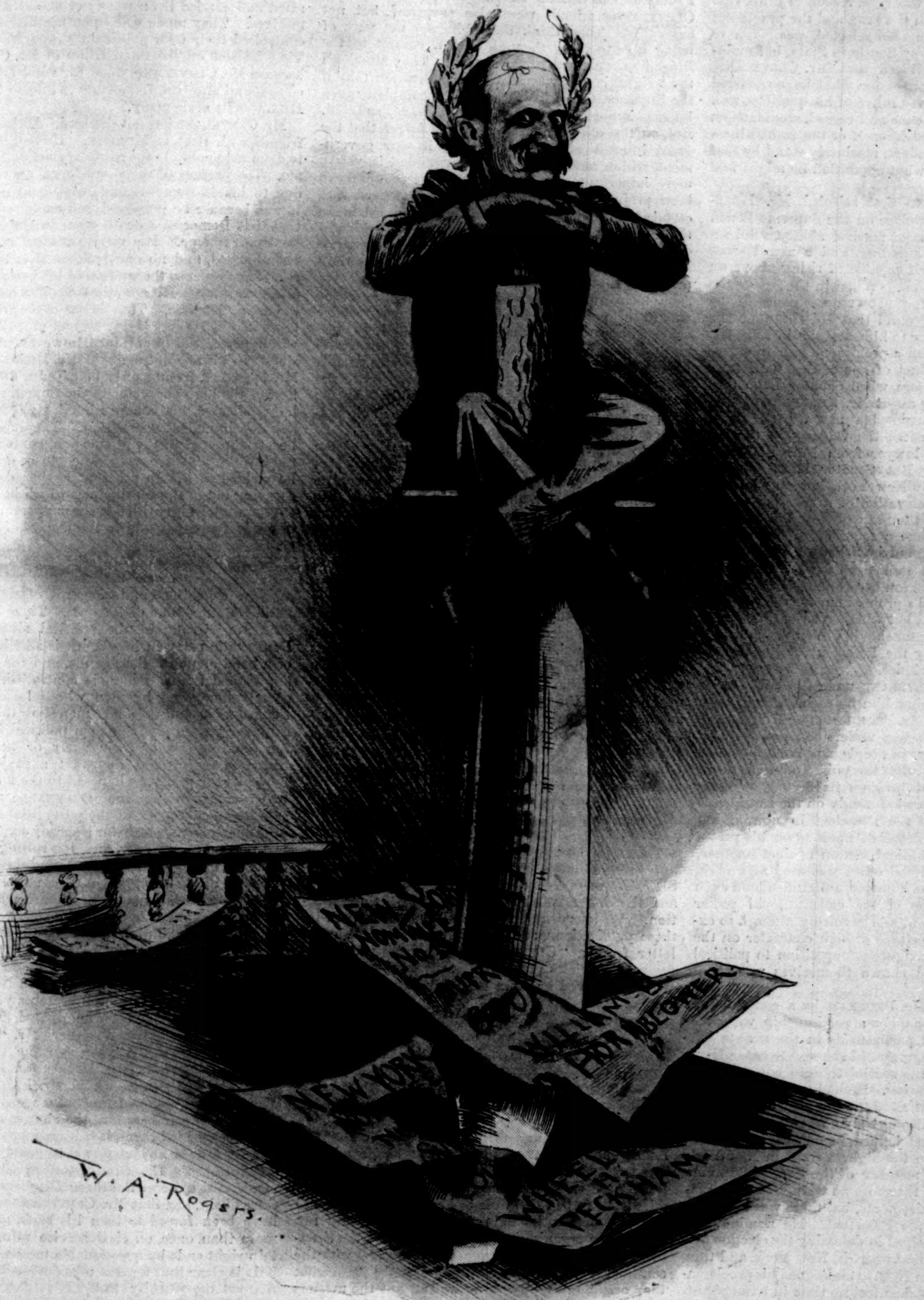

PEANUT POLITICS RAMPANT.

LEADER OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY BY COURTESY OF THE SENATE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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A RETREAT.

THE nomination, promptly followed by the confirmation, of Senator White of Louisiana for the vacancy on the Supreme Bench caused by the death of Justice Blatchford was a surprise to President Cleveland's friends as well as to his opponents. It was a surprise not only because a place on that bench, for which there was good reason to think that a jurist conversant with the laws and the practice of New York should have been selected, was given to a lawyer from a far-away Southern State, but mainly because it was believed that Mr. Cleveland, whose courageous firmness for what he considered right had, more than any other of his qualities, won for him popular confidence and regard, would, when he had once convinced himself of the rightfulness of a certain line of conduct, resolutely stand by that conviction, no matter what opposition he might find in his path.

President Cleveland first selected Mr. Hornblower for the vacant place on the Supreme Bench as a New York lawyer of marked ability, solid acquirements, excellent standing, and a moral sense which had proved itself capable of rising above an unscrupulous party spirit. When in the Senate the confirmation of Mr. Hornblower was contested by Senator Hill on the ground that Mr. Hornblower was personally offensive to him, and this because Mr. Hornblower had taken a prominent part in exposing the criminal conduct of one of Senator Hill's henchmen, and, still more, when Senator Hill thus succeeded in bringing about Mr. Hornblower's rejection, the matter assumed a new aspect. That it would be proper to fill the vacancy in the Supreme Court with a lawyer from New York was generally conceded. But Senator Hill substantially declared that no New York lawyer who had actively opposed the elevation of a criminal to the court of last resort in the State of New York should be permitted to become a member of the United States Supreme Court, and he relied upon the courtesy of the Senate to sustain this decree of disqualification. Then the question before the President was not merely how to find a proper man for the vacancy in the Supreme Court, but whether so outrageous a presumption by a Senator should directly or indirectly be submitted to by the President of the United States in making his choice.

That President Cleveland understood this to be the question confronting him he plainly manifested by the nomination of Mr. Peckham after Hornblower's rejection. So it was understood not only by him, but by the American people, and it may be said, without exaggeration, that the public opinion of the country, as expressed through its organs, was, regardless of party, overwhelmingly on the President's side. The action of the President in nominating Mr. Peckham was not looked upon as on his part a mere fight of one political faction against another, in which a high judicial office was used as a club, but it was esteemed as a proper, a dignified, and even a necessary assertion of his constitutional power against a most insolent and revolting attempt to exclude from such office men of high character on the very ground that by vigorous opposition to political immorality they had shown themselves worthy of public confidence.

The rejection of Mr. Peckham by a combination of the meanest Republican partisanship with the meanest Democratic partisanship in the Senate left the question in an aggravated shape. Senator Hill had succeeded for the second time in enforcing his decree of disqualification. He had made it known in the case of Peckham, as in the case of Hornblower, that he might permit anybody else to be confirmed, but a man who had helped in defeating the election of a criminal to the highest court in New York should never be a member of the Federal Supreme Court. There was therefore no change in the situation and in its requirements, but there was a change in the attitude of the President. He nominated a man who had not helped in defeating the election of a criminal to the highest court in New York, and thus he permitted Senator Hill to make good his proclamation. Senator Hill has lost no time in triumphantly advising the public that he understood it so. In the remarks he made seconding the motion to confirm the nomination of Mr. White, which he has taken care to spread ostentatiously before the country, he laid significant stress upon Mr. White's qualifications. "He is offensive to no one," said he. "He has not been involved in any factious dissensions. He has not antagonized any regular Democratic organization." The meaning of this is clear. Had Mr. White ever opposed the election of the blackest scoundrel nominated for a judgeship by the "regular Democratic organization," especially a henchman of Mr. Hill, he would have been disqualified for the Supreme Bench. And Senator Hill proudly added that the action taken by the Senators from New York in demanding the rejection of Hornblower and Peckham "was impelled by their self-respect and their loyalty to the regular Democratic organization to which they belonged"—that is, the organization which nominated Maynard.

Senator Hill has carried his point. His decree of disqualification stands. Every New York Democrat who has been active in keeping a regularly nominated criminal out of the Court of Appeals will be considered as lacking the most essential qualification for high public trust under the Federal government. Senator Hill was no doubt agreeably surprised when President Cleveland so easily succumbed. Mr. Cleveland's friends were also surprised, but not agreeably. They think that if he was not sure of being able to carry through such a contest to the finish he should not have begun it. They attach all the weight it deserves to the consideration that if the Supreme Court had been kept incomplete much longer, important interests might have suffered. But, on the other hand, they cannot forget that the great interest of political morals in our government, which suffers by such a surrender, is vastly more important than any interest that could have been prejudiced by further delay. Moreover, it is certain that public opinion was fully prepared to see the President pursue his righteous course with undaunted steadfastness. There would have been no impatient call for a surrender. And it is more than probable that the intriguers in the Senate would soon have grown tired of the struggle under the weight of popular condemnation. The surrender came without the slightest necessity, and it is especially deplorable at a time when, following the crushing defeat of Maynard, the hand of justice at last falls heavily upon the violators of the purity of the ballot-box in this State, and thus solemnly confirms the popular verdict. A retreat under such circumstances is a public misfortune.

As to Mr. White, he is no doubt worthy of the trust confided to him. His public career shows him to be a man of uncommon ability, large acquirements, high character, and patriotic aspirations. He may be expected to do honor to the court of which he is to be a member. But the very excellence of his record, especially his attitude of manly independence as against clamorous demagogy in his own State, with regard to the silver question and the anti-option bill, makes us regret that he has been taken out of the Senate. That body is at present so wofully deficient in talent and character that a man of his calibre cannot well be spared. The presence of such a Southern man in that body was peculiarly important. In withdrawing from the Senate Mr. Carlisle, the natural leader on the tariff question, the President made a dangerous experiment. We do not deem it improbable that this second dismantling of the Democratic strength in the Senate, especially the Southern part of it, will become to the President as well as to the country a matter of keen regret.

MR. CLEVELAND AND HIS PARTY.

THERE have recently appeared in the Weekly an article and a letter, both communicated, concerning the relations of the Democratic party to the country, and Mr. Cleveland's attitude towards the organization. Various comments have been called forth by these publications, and in this issue is published a letter from a "Cleveland Democrat," which expresses the views of many friends of the President who are grieved by what they consider unjust criticism of him.

The article entitled "The Failure of the Democratic Party," which was not an editorial utterance of the Weekly, such utterances being placed only on these pages, did not suggest that Mr. Cleveland was responsible for that failure. It recognized the dominance of right-thinking men in the party, and asserted that the trouble lies in the supremacy of timid and unsound men in the Senate, and of the Hills and Murphys and Crokers in New York. The spirit of this article is best expressed in the following sentences taken from it: "A party that permits itself to be ruled by a bad and retrograding minority confesses its imbecility." "Then why not compel the organization in New York and the Senators from the South to harmonize themselves with the sentiments of the voters? Why not make them what they ought to be—the servants and not the masters of the party?" The letter adopted the article as correct, but it also condemned Mr. Cleveland as largely responsible for the continued ascendency of the bad elements in the party.

No one but a partisan Democrat doubts that Mr. Cleveland is better than his party. Using the word party to designate the organization, the voters who controlled the last three National Conventions, and in 1892 elected Mr. Cleveland by an enormous majority, were better than the party. The President's difficult task has been rendered still more difficult by the politicians upon whom he has been obliged to lean; but he has been true to certain large principles, and firm in enforcing them. It is to be regretted that he has not been always loyal to the cause of civil service reform which he professes, but in most other respects he has met the expectations of those who voted for him not because he was the Democratic candidate, but because he believed in pure government, in sound economic and constitutional principles, and because he possessed the courage and firmness that were needed in the Executive office.

No one questions Mr. Cleveland's principles, least of all the men who compelled his nomination. It is absolutely true that without the movement headed by ex-Secretary Fairchild, Mr. Cleveland would not have been nominated; and that movement was essentially patriotic. Those who inaugurated and carried it on were not actuated by selfish motives. They made war upon the machine which controlled their own political fortunes in this State. They insisted on the nomination of Mr. Cleveland because Mr. Cleveland stood for what they regarded as sound and true Democracy, while, in their eyes, Hill was its archenemy.

Mr. Cleveland has not changed. He has not made friends with Hill or Murphy. He had the courage to denounce publicly the latter's selection for the Senate. The passage of the silver-repeal act was largely due to his fearlessness and intelligent persistency. It was because he possessed and exercised these virtues that Democratic obstruction in the Senate was finally overcome. His views on tariff reform have not changed, and no one believes that he has ever consciously placed the welfare of his party above that of his country. His selections to office have been, in the main, patriotic. That he has made grievous mistakes in this respect is due to malign influences, for whose power and importance, however, he is responsible. In his appointments of Mr. Hornblower and Mr. Peckham he not only betrayed a due appreciation of the high character of the Supreme Court, but he vindicated his constitutional right against the Senate's impudent usurpation. The opposition that he encountered in the Senate was contemptible and unpatriotic, and it is very much to be deplored that he yielded to it. In all that he has done for the carrying out of those principles which he is supposed to represent, he is entitled to the support and approval of every Democrat, and to the respect of every good citizen.

What, then, is there to criticise? The President certainly ought not to interfere in the local politics of New York, by employing his official powers to build up a machine of his own. There is, however, something wrong in the political situation. The Democratic party in New York is still in the power of a band of political brigands, and the majority in the United States Senate is controlled, or at least greatly hampered, by men whose leanings toward the Populists and the silver men show that they have a higher regard for their own political futures than for the interests of their party or their country. Notwithstanding the fact that a majority of the voters of the party are opposed to the machine, Hill was permitted to nominate Maynard; and notwithstanding the pledges of the party, and the demands of all business interests for a speedy settlement of the tariff question, trading and log-rolling Democratic Senators have been permitted unduly to delay the report of the Wilson bill in the Senate.

The Democratic party in New York has a commanding influence over the Democratic party of the country. The South and the West look to this State for their example. Hill and Murphy are powerful in the Senate because they have practically unquestioned control of the organization in New York. If Hill and Murphy had been beaten a year ago, Maynard could not have been nominated, and the Senate would have confirmed either Mr. Hornblower or Mr. Peckham. A year ago the time was ripe for a revolution in the Democratic party in New York, and if the men whom Mr. Fairchild led to Syracuse had obtained the influence in the party to which their numbers and the character of their Democracy entitled them, it is highly probable that the country would not have paid so dearly for the ugly mood towards the administration which has been manifested by some Southern Democrats. It is more than likely, too, that Mr. Cleveland would not then have been forced to turn his back, as he has done more than once, on civil service reform, and to attain right ends by questionable means.

It is clear that a great mistake has been made and a great opportunity lost. It is clear to close and well-informed observers that the responsibility for the unfortunate state of affairs must be divided. The bad influence of men in whom the President places a mistaken confidence has led to paltering with the machine in this State, to the discouragement of Mr. Cleveland's true friends, who have been ready to sacrifice themselves for his and their

principles, and who ask for no patronage. The same bad influence has led to unholy dealing with Senators who follow HILL because he is "regular," and who know nothing of the moral causes that have placed their party in power. On the other hand, the men who have sat still waiting for the initiative of the President cannot escape responsibility altogether. Which is most blameworthy it would be unprofitable to discuss. But out of the uprising of a strong public spirit among Democrats now going on all good citizens will hope, with the WEEKLY, that much good may result to the country, and that when GROVER CLEVELAND retires from the Presidency there may be a party or an individual to whom the people may intrust the carrying forward of his work.

TARIFF HEARINGS.

THE decision of the Senate Finance Committee to give no hearings on the WILSON tariff bill is wise. In the abstract it is indeed desirable that an industrial measure of this sort should be carried through only after a most careful and painstaking investigation, and with a detailed consideration of the effects in regard to each industry. But as legislation goes in the United States, the experience of the last fifteen years indicates that nothing would be gained and something would be lost by preliminary hearings.

Among the Congressional documents there is a long series of reports, arguments, and hearings presented at one time or another on the tariff question. There is the report and testimony of the Tariff Commission of 1882, in two large volumes. There are the arguments presented on the MORRISON tariff bill of 1884, and on the next MORRISON tariff bill of 1886. The testimony taken before the Senate Finance Committee in 1888 fills four bulky volumes. The hearings before the Committee on Ways and Means on the MCKINLEY tariff act of 1890 make another thick book, and those before the present Committee on Ways and Means on the WILSON tariff bill still another. Here we have a whole array of volumes, from which we can judge what would be the probable result of further hearings, if now given by the Senate Finance Committee.

An examination of this huge mass of evidence on the tariff shows that it yields singularly little satisfactory information. It consists chiefly either of general disquisitions on the tariff at large, or else of appeals by interested parties for increase of duties on particular articles. The only object which hearings could now promote would be an improvement of the details of the WILSON bill. As to the general principle, the country decided emphatically in the elections of 1890 and 1892 that it desired a moderation of the extreme protective system. As to details, the hearings of the past have shown chiefly what duties those engaged in the protected industries desired, while the main evidence which they have brought forward in justification of their demands has consisted of lengthy comparisons of the rate of wages in European countries and in the United States, without any reference to the relative efficiency of labor in the two.

If it were desired really to secure trustworthy and solid information as to the expediency of the different rates of duty, it would be necessary to have something more than this sort of vague and *ex parte* testimony. Men interested in protective industries are inevitably tempted to exaggerate their need of duties, and, indeed, will often honestly think that their business requires a greater degree of protection than in fact there is any occasion for. It is an open secret, too, that they will sometimes intentionally ask for more than they expect to get, so as to leave some room for apparent concession. In the hearings held when the Republican Senate bill of 1888 was prepared, and at those which preceded the MCKINLEY act of 1890, this diplomatic policy was followed with unexpected results. Higher rates were asked, in not a few cases, than it was expected to secure; then, when the details of the bill were presented, the manufacturers were as much surprised as was the country to find that they got everything which they had asked. Under the present circumstances, hearings before the Senate Committee would mean simply that those who were interested in the protective duties would present long tales of woe, and protest that any reduction of duty would ruin them. They would exaggerate the effect of any change, in the hope of securing some sort of concession, and would throw no real light on the question how far vested interests are really likely to be affected by the changes in the rates of duty. All the information which is now likely to be got by public hearings is already in the possession of the Senate, from the voluminous reports of the last few years.

It is unfortunate that our traditions and habits in legislation make it virtually impossible to get accurate, detailed information as to the probable effects of tariff measures. It would not be impossible in the abstract to have a commission of honest and capable men, who should examine the condition of the various protected industries, and should report a careful and detailed scheme for a moderation of the tariff. Such a commission would not content itself with hearing only those who chose to appear; it would summon witnesses, appoint special agents to investigate particular cases, carry its inquiries to other countries, secure information from all possible sources, and would give real aid in the preparation of a well-framed tariff bill. Something of this sort was attempted in 1882, when the Tariff Commission of that year was appointed. Unfortunately that commission was made up almost entirely of protectionists, and its investigation, while more fruitful than those of Congressional committees, yet had the same *ex parte* character. Even if a perfectly non-partisan commission were appointed, it is questionable how far Congress would follow its recommendations. The absence of any concentrated responsibility in Congress, and the possibility of tinkering and amendments in committees, in the House, in the Senate, in conference committees between the two Houses, make it exceedingly difficult to carry through intact any piece of legislation, however carefully prepared. Our political methods make inevitable a certain rough-and-ready element in legislation, which perhaps has its good sides as well as its bad. At all events, there are flaws of detail in every tariff act. Even the MCKINLEY act was admitted by the protectionists to contain some mistakes, and those who favor the passage of the WILSON bill need not claim that it is immaculate. But it is an honest measure, carrying out the pledges on which the Democrats were put into power by the people. It is as carefully framed in its details as any tariff measure which has been before the community for the last thirty years. It is not likely to be improved in the provisions as to protected articles by hearings or by tinkering in the Senate. On the other hand, the business interests of the community demand a speedy settlement of the tariff question. If there are to be changes in the WILSON bill from the Senate, let them be presented promptly, debated briefly, and settled without delay.

THE NATION'S NEGLECT OF THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

THE failure of a good law has a new and striking illustration in the almost total paralysis of the copyright law. If anything on our statute-books has ever been more completely nullified by neglect in carrying it out we should like to know it. We have not the least reference to a party in power or out of power. Both parties united in passing the new copyright law three years ago, and both parties are responsible for neglecting it. Having been enacted, it seems to have been supposed that this law was endowed with automatic functions. Its very existence seems to have dropped out of the memory of our rulers.

The scheme of the copyright law is twofold—it records the title of a book before publication, and it requires the forwarding of two copies of each work to the Librarian of Congress before or on the day of publication. Now it is of the utmost importance that the title be recorded at Washington before the book is published or a copy sold. In fact, unless this is done the copyright is not worth its weight in an old patent-office report, for the reason that the record of a title after publication would indicate that the publisher had issued his book without authority of law. The publisher is interested in carrying out the law to the letter. Unless he does it, his book is not protected.

Here comes in the sad condition of things. The Washington office, through no failure on the part of the Librarian of Congress, but through the inadequacy of means at his command for purely clerical force, ties the publisher hand and foot. A New York house, for example, has long had a book in hand, and is now ready to publish. The title is in the hands of the Librarian of Congress. He sends on his two copies for the Congressional Library. But suppose he gets no word that his title has been received. What is he to do? Possibly his letter has been lost, and in his uncertainty he writes again, and once more sends on his title. No answer still. Often months elapse before he receives any answer to his application for the privilege to publish. In the large volume of business in the field of copyright mistakes must occur. But as the law is at present administered it is next to impossible to even learn of them, much less to correct them. In one case we know of, where the question was the renewal of a copyright about to expire, the record of renewal did not reach the publisher until about five months after the application had been mailed in New York. Thus the new term of copyright was impaired, if not entirely destroyed, because it was not practicable to advertise within the time required by the statute.

Such is the deplorable fact. How shall we account for it? Why is it about as useless for a publisher to write to the copyright office in Washington as it would be to address his letter, properly registered, to the fifth satellite of Jupiter? The story at the Washington end of the line is soon told. It seems to have been entirely forgotten to provide enough clerical help to conduct the business. Since the international copyright law was enacted the business has been multiplied. But the Librarian of Congress, in whose hands the entire business of registry is placed, has been granted but one additional clerk. Until three years ago there were no arrears known in the office, but now they are alarmingly large.

Of course it is to be inferred that the office must pay its own expenses, and that the want of sufficient clerical force arises from the meagre income from copyright fees. But precisely the contrary is the fact. Not only does the office receive enough fees to provide clerical help, but a large slice of the income goes into the General Treasury of the United States. From the reports of the Librarian of Congress we learn that the Treasury received in 1891 $38,000 from copyright fees alone. In 1892 this sum ran up to $44,000, and in 1893 it was still larger. Fewer than thirteen clerks do the whole work. The surplus of revenue in the copyright office goes to—what shall we say?—the dredging of worthless streams, paying indemnities to Peru and Italy for our own lawlessness, and to the thousand and one open mouths which feed upon the bread from the government table. Great is the beneficence of literature! But who ever heard of the fees which publishers pay into the General Treasury for the privilege of publishing books going to support the expenses of the United States government? Whatever may be said of the inability of our great departments to support themselves, here is one—that of copyright—which not only pays its own way, but aids in keeping the wolf from the door of its elephantine companions.

The trouble lies in the neglect of the government to provide clerks for the needful work. Compare the little staff of our National Library with others at home and abroad. The difference is a ridiculous showing against us. The British Museum Library, with no circulation and no copyright business—for all entries of copyright are made at Stationers' Hall—has nearly one hundred employés. The Boston Public Library, which is about half the size of the Congressional, employs between seventy and eighty assistant librarians. But the entire force allowed the Librarian of Congress for administering the great national collection of books, plus the entire copyright business of the country, is only twenty-nine. Nearly 70,000 applications for copyright are received annually, of which 55,000 are entered, and the remainder refused as not lawful subjects of copyright, and the fees returned to the applicant. This vast correspondence, greater than that of the Patent Office, which registers 25,000 patents annually, has to be conducted by a clerical force of less than a dozen persons, while the Patent Office has over 350 clerks. Of course patents require much more careful and detailed examination, but the correspondence in the case of copyrights requires greater clerical labor.

Now we have no idea that the extent of this important need is known to either House of Congress. But it exists. It is high time to correct it, in mere justice to the publishing interests of the country. Shortly our new National Library Building will be finished, and the transfer of books will take place. There must be the employment of a large number of assistant librarians for this new departure alone. But the copyright department must not be forgotten. For this service alone there ought to be employed immediately not less than twelve additional clerks, and this number should be enlarged as the need increases. We sincerely trust that every one connected with the administration of our publishing interests, to whom the knowledge of this national neglect may come, will use his best endeavors to correct a great wrong. When that happy hour comes we shall be as prompt to acknowledge the benefit as we are now frank in exposing its absence.

GOTHAM AS A PLACE TO VISIT.

IT is very well known that one of the considerations that keep Bostonians in Boston, and country people in the country, is the conviction that if they went to New York to live they would have no place to go to. To go to, that is, for change and inspiration, and fashion, raiment, amusement, and ideas. The tendency for persons who are looking for commodities of that sort is always to go to a bigger place. New England goes to Boston, Pennsylvania goes to Philadelphia, Virginia and Maryland go to Baltimore, Ohio and Indiana to Cincinnati, the Northwest to Chicago, the Southwest to St. Louis and New Orleans, and the far West to San Francisco. The people of New York State go to New York as their natural centre; but besides them certain of the permanent residents of all those other big towns, when they feel that they must be joggled out of their habitual ruts, turn naturally to New York as the place where they can most conveniently and in the shortest time surprise their minds into new emotions. Minneapolis people go down to Chicago for an enlivening change, but Chicago does not go on that errand to Minneapolis. If Chicago wants repose she can go to a thousand places, but if she wants a quickened life there is one town in America where she is most apt to seek it. All American roads at certain seasons lead to Washington; they are roads that are travelled, indeed, but not thronged. New York herself goes to Washington after sunshine or political society, but not to be stirred up, or to see novel sights and gain new impulses. When New York is on such a quest as that, there is nothing for her but to get on a steamer and travel a week to London or to Paris.

Of course this undisputed metropolitan characteristic is Gotham's glory as a city and the pride of her people. But as a place of residence it is in a way her defect. Every town within reach of her is a better town to live in, because she is within reach, but the citizen of that other town who abandons his own place and comes to her to stay, loses by that act the usufruct of one of her best qualities. For to him she ceases to be a place which he can visit.

So strong is the instinct of centralization in these days that it seems really a pious work to emphasize any good reason why dwellers in the country should abide in the country, and citizens of smaller towns should resist the impulse toward bigger ones. To people who live in New York already it is a waste of words to speak. Only under some sort of compulsion or by special inspiration do victims of the fascinations of metropolitan life swap the allurements of that environment for simpler and less strenuous conditions. But it may be worth while to remind people who do not live there what an excellent place it is to visit, and how much that is best in it a visitor gets, and how much that is irksome he misses. Her theatres, her opera, her art galleries and libraries, her magnificent hotels, her restaurants, her parks and drives, all belong as much to every stranger who comes to her for a week as to her own citizens, while for the multitude of out-of-town dwellers who have cultivated personal relations with her people there are all the further pleasures which private hospitality invents. What the visitor avoids is the wear and tear of a rushing life, which stimulates one's energies for a month, but taxes them severely before the twelvemonth is out. He avoids high rents, too, and, unless he is rich, the necessity of living in quarters too confined to satisfy ideas of comfort formed in less crowded cities. That these considerations have weight with many persons who still refuse to be kept away by them altogether appears, for one thing, in the lengthening lists of non-resident members of the New York clubs, which, growing yearly more numerous, more important, and more attractive, begin already to rival their London prototypes in the number of their country members.

To be in the world but not of it is a condition of existence which has been rightly held up as one proper to aspire to. But with New York in many cases it may be different. To be of that town but not in it, at least not permanently in it, is for very many Americans the arrangement which promises to promote the most fortunate relation between advantage gained and money and energy invested.

SENATOR GEORGE GRAY.

Among the men who attracted attention in the Democratic National Conventions of 1880 and 1884 was George Gray, of Delaware. He went to Cincinnati and Chicago as the advocate of his friend Senator Bayard. He was then Attorney-General of his State. Little was known of him outside of Delaware and the neighboring States, for he is a man who permits his character to speak for him, and does not seek opportunities to secure an audience or to enlarge the number of his acquaintances. When he had addressed the first Democratic Convention in behalf of the nomination of Mr. Bayard, it was agreed by all who heard him that the orator and the speech were worthy of the occasion and the subject; so that when the second occasion came, at Chicago, Mr. Gray's nominating speech was looked forward to as sure to be one of the agreeable episodes of the convention. In these two conventions there was presented to the Democratic party one of those promising opportunities upon which the party in its modern mood has so persistently turned its back. The Massachusetts Democrats, coming out of their bondage to the worst elements of their party, through the trials and tribulations of Butlerism, were turning their faces to the rising sun. Men like Leverett, Saltonstall, and Francis Bird, old Democrats with young hopes and aspirations and quick consciences, were clearing the way for the new men who have made the name of Democrat of deeper and better import in the old Bay State. When Massachusetts was called in the convention of 1880, Mr. Saltonstall, speaking the voice of the majority of his delegation, seconded Mr. Gray's nomination of Mr. Bayard. If the Southern men in that convention had been as free from fears and doubts as they might have been, Mr. Bayard would have been nominated, and the Democratic party would have been saved the fatal Hancock experiment.

Senator Gray, like Senator Bayard, has for years been one of the forces for good in the Democratic party, one of the leaders who have attracted to the party the independent voters who have made its victories possible, because they have hoped to make the party represent the principles of economic and administrative reform, to which the Republican party was either actually opposed, or in behalf of which its advocacy was cold and meaningless. There was a time, some fifteen years ago, when Mr. Bayard was the one public man who seemed to unite the Democratic party with the independent voters who had grown dissatisfied with the practices and tendencies of the Republican party. It was generally supposed that he stood alone in his State, and therefore the appearance of a man of such evident character as Attorney-General Gray was somewhat of a surprise. Delaware had persisted in sending ordinary men as colleagues to Mr. Bayard in the Senate and as its Representatives in the popular branch of Congress, so that it had been accepted as a fact that Mr. Bayard was the only considerable public man of the State, at least in the Democratic party. The truth is, however, that faction politics had more to do with this state of things than the merits of individuals, for Delaware in those days, being firmly under the command of the Democrats, was divided between the Bayard and Saulsbury factions, with the balance slightly in favor of the latter. Mr. Gray's first office was by appointment of the Governor. The first elective office he held was the Senatorship.

The Senator's father, Andrew C. Gray, was one of the distinguished lawyers of Delaware, and stood on even terms with James F. Bayard and Secretary Clayton. George Gray was born at New Castle on May 4, 1840. He was graduated at Princeton College in 1859. After graduation he studied law with his father and at Harvard College, and was admitted to the bar in 1863. For sixteen years he practised his profession with distinguished success, and was regarded not only as one of the first lawyers of his State, but as one of the soundest lawyers of the section of the country in which he dwelt. His first appearance in national politics was in 1876, when he attended the National Convention at St. Louis which nominated Mr. Tilden. In 1879 he was appointed Attorney-General of the State by Governor Hall, and was reappointed by Governor Stockley in 1889. It was while holding this office that his worth became generally known through the part which he took in moving the nomination of Mr. Bayard, as has been already narrated.

It was fitting in every way, when Mr. Bayard was appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Cleveland at the beginning of his first term, in 1885, that Mr. Gray should be named as his successor. In mind and in character he was certainly the equal of the Democratic leader who preceded him.

From his first entrance upon his duties as Senator Mr. Gray has been recognized as a leader. By temperament he is a peace-maker, but he is a peace-maker who does not compromise his principles as he understands them. He has been a consistent and able defender of the President, and in the debates in which Mr. Cleveland was attacked he displayed an ability and acumen which have not been overmatched by any of the President's enemies and critics. There are two classes of Senators on the Democratic side of the chamber who constitute what is known as the administration group, and one is respected, while the other is not. Whether justly or unjustly, some Senators are accused of adopting and defending the policy of the White House from selfish motives. But no one says this, or thinks it, of Senator Gray, unless it be some malicious person who cannot believe that any profession of friendship for the President can be sincere. Senator Gray did not become Mr. Cleveland's friend because the latter was President, or because he was the friend and successor of the Secretary of State. He was and is an administration Senator because he believes in the political principles which triumphed in Mr. Cleveland's election. He is a tariff-reformer, a sound-money man, and he is a friend of civil service reform. He knows that Mr. Cleveland is doing his utmost to advance those causes, and to bring the Democratic party up to the high standard which has always been his own, and as it was Mr. Bayard's. He is a party man of the right kind, and supports the leader of his party because he feels that he is right, and that it is for the good of the country that his party's principles should prevail. While he is the friend and even the partisan of the President, he has the regard and respect of the President's antagonists and enemies in his own party and of the Republican Senators. He loves party harmony. He has a profound regard for the rights and for the feelings of those from whom he differs. Therefore he was anxious to find a compromise on the silver-repeal bill that would unite the party; and while he stood by the President in the struggle over the Hornblower and Peckham nominations, he deprecated the unfortunate circumstance that the New York Senators had not been consulted.

He is a man of great dignity of character. No one would dream of questioning the absolute sincerity and purity of his motives. He is not aggressive, and will doubtless never be the leader of his party in strenuous circumstances; not that he lacks courage, for he has that in abundance, but that he prefers accomplishing his ends with as little friction as possible. He will always be looked up to as a wise counsellor, as a man whose judgment can be depended on. He is a debater of great power, and his speeches are among the best that are heard in the Senate. He is one of the very few members of the present Senate who would have been worthy of a seat in the chamber in better days. Those who know him superficially say that he is lazy, strangely overlooking the fact that his arguments at the bar and in the Senate indicate industry and intellectual activity. One of his political opponents, but one who knows him best, speaking of this feeling, said: "George Gray is not lazy. Some people think he is because he is indifferent to them, and to the things that interest them."

Senator Gray is one of the handsomest men in the Senate—one of the striking figures that command attention. He is large without grossness, and his face is intellectual and high-bred. He is not much in evidence, and when he does address the Senate it is because the occasion is worthy, and the opportunity demands his aid. If his party remains in power Mr. Gray is likely to grow in the esteem of the nation. The future seems to hold a large place for him.

SENATOR GEORGE GRAY, OF DELAWARE.—Drawn from Life by G. W. Breck.

THE "KEARSARGE."

The recent telegraphic despatches announcing the wreck of the old veteran *Kearsarge* sent a thrill of excitement and regret through every loyal American heart.

She was speeding, under sail and steam, on her way from Port au Prince, Haiti, to Bluefields, when, on the evening of February 2d, she struck on the sunken coral reef known as Roncador. Every effort was made to back the ship off her perilous position, and when it was found to be hopeless, all hands were ordered to get everything in readiness for abandoning ship.

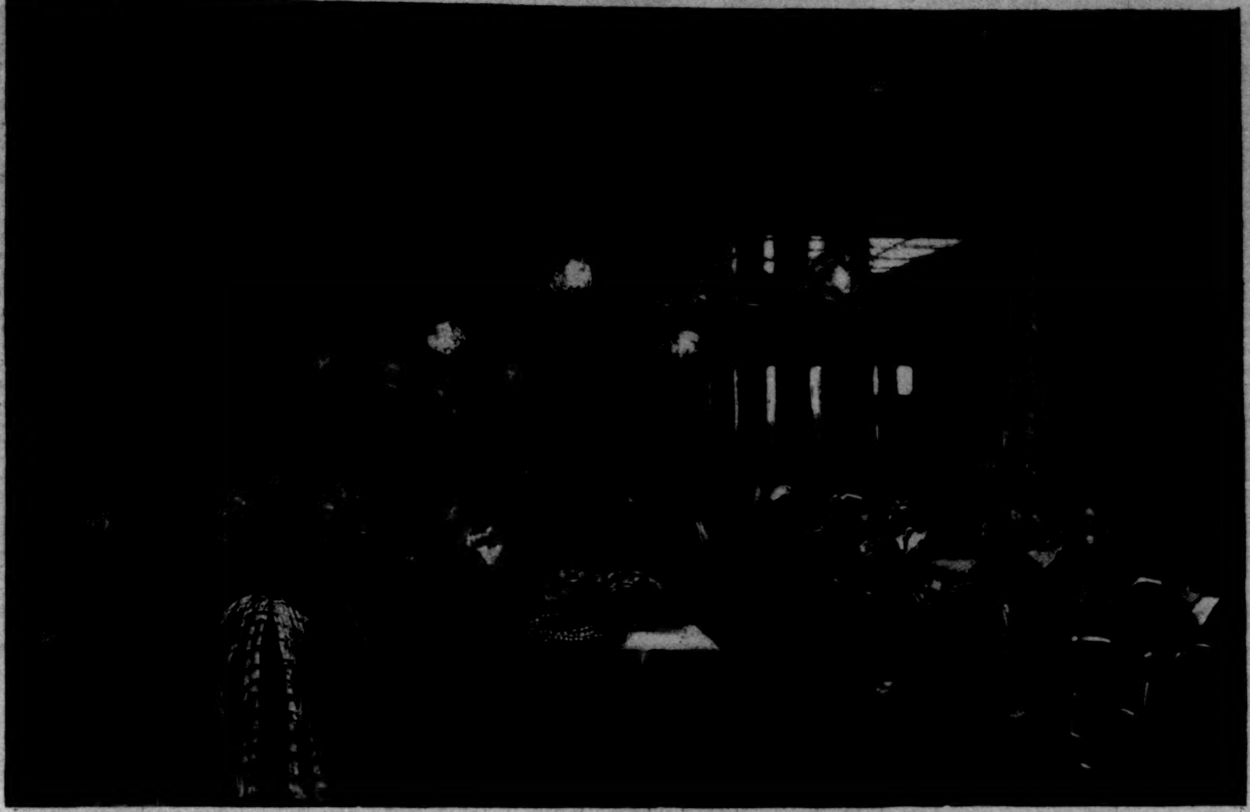
All night long every officer and man was at his post doing his duty. The after pivot-gun was thrown overboard to lighten the ship. The foremast was cut away to keep the ship from going on her beam ends. Rafts were made out of small spars, ladders, and gratings. Provisions and water were gotten up from below. Boats were cleared for lowering, and the pumps were continually worked to keep the ship free of water.

The morning light revealed a small island or key about a mile to the northwest.

Five boats were successfully lowered, and succeeded in getting through the breakers to the smooth water beyond. Three boats were wrecked in lowering. The catamaran was rigged with a hauling-line at each end, thus forming a sort of ferry, which brought six or eight men ashore at each trip.

By three o'clock in the afternoon all had safely landed. Camp was established on the island, and on Sunday afternoon an officer and crew were sent in the sailing-launch to Old Providence for assistance. The officer arrived at Colon, Wednesday evening, and succeeded in chartering the steamer *City of Para*, which went to Roncador and relieved the crew and officers, finally bringing them to New York, where they arrived Wednesday, February 21st.

It speaks loudly for the discipline, the cool, concerted action of all, that but one man was lost of the 203 on board. Instances of great bravery and pluck were abundant, and the record of the American jack-tar for cool courage in time of great danger was upheld.



CHARITY IN BOSTON—THE BEDFORD STREET WORK-ROOM FOR WOMEN.
Drawn by Henry Sandham.

BOSTON'S UNEMPLOYED.

"The short and simple annals of the poor" have never been perused so eagerly, it is safe to say, for many years.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to treat of the many well-established, discriminative, and hard-working charities, private, reformatory, and religious, with which Boston abounds, but with the large and spontaneous public movement in the aid of the unemployed—the Citizens' Relief Committee work. This began, as a prominent official was made to say by a curious slip of the tongue, on "the 26th of Christmas." It was indeed the after-math of the Christmas feeling (whether from full hearts or slim pocket-books) which led to the starting of that subscription of which Messrs. Kidder, Peabody, & Co. are the custodians, and which on the 4th of February footed up $76,177 89. Everything from concert proceeds to store collections and anonymous contributions is included in this subscription list. Many funds obtained through benefit concerts, readings, theatrical performances, and the like, have been distributed through other channels, so that the total contributions for the poor this season are really double that amount. The Citizens' Relief Fund has certainly been near the public heart, since such a large sum has been gained by voluntary contributions in little over a month, and a glimpse of its distribution may be interesting.

The venerable old court-house, which has recently been abandoned for the new magnificent temple of justice in Pemberton Square, forms the headquarters of the relief committee, which is composed of the following well-known gentlemen: Charles H. Dalton, chairman; Francis H. Peabody, treasurer; Charles S. Miller, secretary; William Endicott, Jun., Mayor Nathan Matthews, Jun., Jonathan A. Lane, Robert Treat Paine, Robert H. Gardiner, Charles H. Taylor, Thomas F. Ring, John P. Dore, Robert Codman, Francis C. Lowell, and H. M. Burr.

All day long a cosmopolitan throng occupies the corridors of that edifice, and drifts through open doorways into various rooms and waiting-places. The words of Portia come readily to the mind as one walks through these crowded corridors, for the "quality of mercy is not strained," although, alas for the poetry! it has to be used with a liberal allowance of chloride of lime. As you glance over the two hundred and fifty poorly clad forms ranged on settees of the erstwhile supreme or superior court, you say under your breath, "this is where mercy tempers justice." Judging by the diffident and shamefaced air of some of the poor fellows seeking work, it seems as if they really feel themselves criminal in seeking aid, for many a guilty prisoner at the bar could put a better face on his position than these men seem to do. The restrictions of the committee serve to deter the undeserving, and the men who apply are most of them industrious and with families, who are anxious for work, as work and not money is the commodity dispensed by the committee. The men are given employment in three-day shifts on city improvements. Of course there is not enough work at this time of the year for all at one time, and so each applicant found to be deserving takes his turn. Up to date 4618 applicants have registered, and 3524 have been given employment. The usual complaints of the disgruntled against the

THE WRECK OF THE U.S.S. "KEARSARGE."
Drawn by J. L. France after a Sketch by Lieutenant F. R. Brainard, U. S. N., of the *Kearsarge*.—[See Page 196.]

committee have just begun to be heard; this of course, is inevitable, and the press and public, which have done so much to establish the fund and the committee, listen patiently to both sides.

A prominent official at the headquarters said yesterday: "If I were to be asked who were the worst sufferers among the unemployed this winter I should say, strange as it may seem, the young unmarried men. We only give employment to the married men, and until we have provided for them we cannot help others. The married men have a settled place of residence, and in many instances have humane landlords who are good enough to wait for their rent until the father of the family finds work again. A married man among the poorer classes usually has wage-earners to help him, instead of simply mouths to feed, for no wife is too feeble or scarcely any child too young to work at something or other in their domestic economy. But the young man out of work has no standing, and literally no home or claim to consideration, and many cases that have come to the observation of the committee are in every way deserving."

Quite an elaborate form, embracing a long list of questions in regard to the applicant's pedigree, experience, size of family, etc., must be filled out to constitute a man's claim to registration.

But despite this necessary "red tape," sometimes an impostor creeps in; there was one landlord who was most persistent in his demands for work as an "unemployed," whose usual occupation was that of evicting tenants, or collecting the rents of a large number of tenements which he owned in the North End. An incident which has caused no little amusement among the committee occurred on the morning of the day when there was to be a parade of the unemployed of the city. One son of the Emerald Isle, who had just been registered, said to another, who was still waiting for his work-ticket,

"Ah, Pat, will yees be in the unemplied persesshun?"

"I intended ter come, but I can't, Moike."

"An' why not?"

"Sure the boss won't let me off."

But it is at the work-rooms at 59 Bedford Street that most interest centres, for here the women and aged men are kept at work in making rag carpets and quilts. "Pieces" accumulate just as fast as ever in the average household, but the average woman has learned better ways of using her time and eyesight, so that materials have been supplied in abundance both from city stores and country homes for this work. Many an old lady in the distant country has sent the contents of her beloved piece-bag in the idea of doing what she could to help, and the careful mother has sent her children's half-worn garments to the workshop, with the hope that those which can be worn may be repaired and sent out, and the residue form a part of unknown rag carpets.

The vast work-room, in which five hundred women are employed on the ground-floor, forms a very interesting spectacle and a very pitiful one too, for the extremes of youth and age bend here over the long low tables. Physical and moral deformity appeals to the eye and soul of the beholder, and it has been a sad sight in times past to see work frequently interrupted by the fainting or illness of some of the women. It is, happily, less frequent since hunger has been discovered as the cause, and measures have been taken to supply them with adequate food. Downstairs the tailors and infirm and aged men are employed in making the braid or strands for the rugs and in cutting out the patchwork pieces. The eternal inequality between women's and men's wages crops out here; women are presumably skilled in the use of the needle, if in nothing else, yet they only get eighty cents a day, for which men get one dollar. Very frequently the man's qualification for the work lies simply in the fact that he is too stupid or too old to work on a sewer. "The supposition is, of course," said Mr. Killham, the superintendent, "that the man has a wife and children dependent on him." As an actual fact, the burden rests oftener upon the woman, with the added burden, perhaps, of a lazy and drunken husband.

There was an old lady, who could not have been less than eighty-five, who was sewing briskly on a quilt, and wore no spectacles.

"Why, you're as smart as any of the younger folks, auntie," I exclaimed. "How old are you?"

"Excuse me," she said, with a little smile on her face, which must have been beautiful once, and, indeed, was pretty now, with its childish pink and white complexion, delicate features, dark eyes, and snowy hair, "but I never tell my age to anybody."

I could hardly keep from laughing at what seemed a matter of pride—her age was so apparent—and then the thought came that she was not quite right in her mind. Her next words, however, which she whispered in explanation, were pathetic enough.

"You see," she said, "if I told my age they would take me off to the workhouse. They don't think that old people are any use to themselves or anybody else, and I don't want to go. I'd sooner die first—I'd sooner die first. I'm smart, even if I *am* old, and I never had to ask charity before. I've always paid my rent until this winter, and I can't tell you how thankful I am to the dear Lord and all the good people who have let us do this work. Everybody has been so good to me. My landlady is a Roman Catholic and I'm a Protestant, and we have disputed about religion, and I expected she'd want my room this winter when I couldn't pay the rent. But she made the rent half as much as it had been before, and told me not to pay it until I could get some work. Wasn't that kind of her?"

"Ah, auntie," I said, "you see Christian kindness is not a matter of creed!"

EDITH PERRY ESTES.

A MUNICIPAL OPPORTUNITY.

IT may pretty safely be assumed that the competition for a new municipal building has failed in its object, to produce an acceptable design for that edifice. The Mayor may be right in blaming his architectural advisers for the failure. Certainly it seems that no provision was made in the programme of instructions for the contingency that has actually arisen, the contingency that the commission would find itself unable to choose a plan out of the six submitted to it by the consulting architects. That being the case, the commission finds itself facing a dead wall at the end of a blind alley. The only line open to it is a line of retreat. It is bound to pay to the authors of the six selected designs the premiums it has promised to five of them. After that it can scarcely do otherwise than to follow the example of Mr. Hewitt's municipal building commission of 1888, to let the competition lapse and to leave the question again open.

Really there is no reason why anybody but a disappointed competitor should regret such a termination. There is a general opposition to occupying with buildings any of the inadequate park space of the lower city. There is also a general opposition to the demolition of the old City Hall. It is not only a creditable piece of architecture, but it is the most important historical monument of the city. In New York an existence of nearly a century quite suffices to make a building venerable. The majority of cultivated persons in New York would regard the demolition of the City Hall not only as a municipal calamity, but as an act of vandalism. This feeling, though unorganized, was consulted by the law of 1888, which contained a positive prohibition against the erection of the new municipal building in the City Hall Park; and it was respected even in the evasion of that law proposed by the Hewitt commission, which projected the erection of a new City Hall, under the pretence of extending the old City Hall. The law was changed in 1889 so as to permit the erection of the new municipal building in the park. But an attempt to proceed under this law was met with so vigorous and general a protest that the law was changed back in 1890, and the prohibition renewed, only to be removed again by the law of 1892, under which the present commission has been acting.

Now that the competition has failed there are signs that the public opposition to the use of the City Hall Park will be organized, and will prove efficacious. It is a question of destroying the City Hall, and it is also a question of ruining City Hall Park. The fixed idea of a small number of persons that the new City Hall must be built on the site of the old has no basis in reason, and ought to be dislodged. As a matter of fact, the proposed Elm Street improvement will give an opportunity for reserving, out of land now very low-priced, a plaza for a new City Hall, which will promote the object of the improvement, meet the municipal needs, and enable the old City Hall to be preserved, while the City Hall Park is practically enlarged by the removal of the minor buildings that now encumber and disfigure its surface. That is the line along which the project for a new City Hall will move so soon as it is made clear that it is the line of least resistance. To make it clear is the task before those New-Yorkers who are anxious that the old City Hall should be preserved, and that the park space of down town should be increased.

HAS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY FAILED?

Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—There have appeared in recent issues of your journal two articles, one entitled "The Failure of the Democratic Party," the other "An Anti-snapper's View." In the first article the writer appears to me to be entirely too premature in pronouncing upon the "failure of the Democratic party." The Democratic party has been nominally in complete control of the national government for scarcely a year. Actually, according to our absurd system, by which members of Congress do not take their seats until over a year after their election, it has been in power barely six months. During that period it has accomplished two measures of large importance to the country, and placed another, vitally affecting every interest and individual in the land, and demanded by an overwhelming majority of the people, on the road to completion. It has repealed the Sherman silver law and the Federal elections law, and has passed a bill reducing the tariff duties, for the first time in nearly fifty years, through the lower branch of Congress. For six months this does not appear to me to be such a bad record. Certainly it is not just to say, in the face of it, that the party has "failed." It will be conceded, too, by every impartial observer that the Democratic party returned to power under exceedingly unfavorable and trying auspices. Everybody knows that President Harrison, at the end of his term, was driven to the most desperate expedients to avoid national bankruptcy. It was only by the most ingenious juggling of figures that anything like a surplus could be shown in the National Treasury, and shortly after Mr. Cleveland assumed power he was faced by a deficit of $70,000,000 in place of the $185,000,000 surplus that he had left for Mr. Harrison. The dependent pension bill which Mr. Cleveland vetoed during his first term, but which Mr. Harrison afterwards signed, and added $60,000,000 per year to our national expenditures, the vicious Sherman law, and other evils of Mr. Harrison's term, helped to bring about the panic of last year, from which we are still suffering, and for which the Democratic party is obliged to bear the brunt. The masses of the people do not stop to reason about a thing of this sort. They suffer themselves, and, not unnaturally, make the party in power suffer also. Those of us, however, who do stop to think about the matter should not be led into the same error.

There are, of course, corrupt elements in the Democratic party, and leaders who are doing all in their power to thwart Mr. Cleveland's administration and block the work of reform. But there are the same elements and the same leaders in the Republican party. Hill, Murphy, and Gorman are not a whit worse than Quay, Chandler, and Cameron. To be sure, two wrongs do not make a right, but I claim that, with all its blunders and vagaries, the heart of the Democratic party, so to speak, is in the right place. The men who compose the administration at Washington and the controlling element in Congress represent a *positive force* toward better government and toward reform—reform in our tariff laws, reform in our pension laws, reform in our civil service. Mr. Cleveland's Hawaiian policy, as endorsed by the House of Representatives, shows that the policy of the Democratic party in dealing with other nations is one of honesty, justice, and fair play—in marked contrast to the Republican party's Chilian policy of bullying and braggadocio. If we are to judge by Mr. Harrison's administration, the tendency of the Republican party is as distinctly downward as that of the Democratic party is upward. The McKinley bill, the force bill, the dependent pension bill, "Wanamakerism," are the results of that administration. The duty of good Democrats, it appears to me, therefore, is not to leave their party to join the Republicans, but to crush the corrupt element in their own party, at the cost of temporary defeat, in order that, strengthened and revivified, it may go forward in the great work before it. In "An Anti-snapper's View" the writer, it seems to me, does Mr. Cleveland manifest injustice. In the first place, he starts out with the assumption that Mr. Cleveland owes his nomination at Chicago to the anti-snapper movement, and should therefore shape his whole administration in acknowledgment of that fact. Mr. Cleveland was nominated at Chicago by the irresistible and spontaneous force of popular sentiment. Neither Mr. Whitney nor the anti-snappers can claim the sole credit for that result. They aided in it, but Mr. Cleveland would have been nominated without their aid. The people demanded his nomination, and nothing short of his death could have prevented it. All those disinterested observers at Chicago who witnessed the manifestation of this wonderful popular sentiment for Mr. Cleveland will testify as to the truth of this assertion.

It is absurd to say that the Illinois delegation "insisted upon the nomination of Mr. Morrison." The sentiment in Illinois for Mr. Cleveland was overwhelming, and the delegation simply voiced it—they did not dare do otherwise. The result of the election in that State proves the truth of this. The writer of "An Anti-snapper's View" admits that the anti-snappers "took hardly any part in the campaign" in New York State, yet Mr. Cleveland carried it by 45,000 majority. This does not indicate any very extensive treachery on the part of the State machine. Certainly there was none in this city, as the "anti-snappers" have themselves over and over again testified. When Mr. Cleveland went to Washington he did not therefore, probably, feel justified in making direct war on the regular organization in this State. To say, however, that from then "until now he has been engaged in strengthening the machine in this State," is to say what is palpably false and absurd. The writer himself as much as admits this when he says that Mr. Cleveland "appointed anti-snappers to office." In acknowledgment of Tammany Hall's loyalty to the national ticket Mr. Dayton was appointed postmaster in this city. This has been the only "patronage" to speak of bestowed upon the machine, while in point of character and fitness there has been no exception taken to Mr. Dayton's appointment. But is "patronage" the sole thing required to give the health of life to the anti-snapper organization in this State? Is the sentiment back of them so weak that they must have all of the offices at the bestowal of the administration before it can be crystallized into a formidable movement? I believe not. I think the "anti-snappers" should have started toward perfecting their organization immediately after Mr. Cleveland's election, without waiting for any word from him. When the Maynard outrage was perpetrated they should have promptly put a full ticket in the field, and would to-day have been immeasurably stronger as an organization for having done so. Now, however, that the "anti-snappers" are organized to fight the machine in this State to the death, would it not be better to drop recrimination, and cease saying bitter things about Mr. Cleveland? He is their friend at heart, and may be counted upon, sooner or later, to come to their direct aid. Certainly Senators Hill and Murphy do not consider Mr. Cleveland as friendly to them or their machine. The nomination of Mr. Peckham for Supreme Court justice was as severe a blow as he could give them. In the men who compose the "anti-snappers" lies the hope of the future of the Democratic party in this State. In the exact proportion to the wisdom and the judgment they display does the brightness of that future depend.

"CLEVELAND DEMOCRAT."

NEW YORK, *February 15, 1894.*

GOVERNOR WERTS OF NEW JERSEY.

GEORGE T. WERTS, the present Governor of New Jersey, has been popularly regarded as a lucky man. As the general verdict has always been that Mr. Werts is "a good fellow," it is not surprising that his admirers consider that the numerous official honors that he has won without much severe striving on his part are the natural fruit of his genial conduct in the field of good-fellowship, if not the rewards of his own considerable merits. He was born in Warren County, New Jersey, in 1846. Soon after he had attained his majority he was admitted to the bar, and "hung out his shingle" in Morristown. Of that corporation he was chosen Recorder in 1883 and Mayor in 1886, and he filled both of these places with honor and credit. He was Senator from Morris County from 1886 to 1892, when he resigned that office and the mayoralty to accept the post of Justice of the State Supreme Court, to which he was appointed by Governor Abbett. Judge Werts succeeded to the circuit of Hudson County made vacant by the death of Justice Knapp, in February, 1892. Later in the summer of that year he was nominated for Governor by the Democratic Convention, and after a canvass in which he took no active part he was elected by a plurality of 7625 over his Republican competitor, Mr. John Kean, Jun. The total number of votes cast at that election was 336,871, of which Werts had 167,257.

As a member of the State Senate, Mr. Werts was distinguished by considerable ability, and his name is identified with two important measures which became laws during his term of service, one of which regulates the liquor excise and the other is designed to protect the purity of the ballot. He was the presiding officer of the Senate for the session of 1889, and was greatly respected for the impartiality and dignity of his course. A successful jury lawyer, an upright judge, and a legislator devoid of offensive partisanship, his election to the office of Governor gave hope to the people (a minority of whom had voted for him) that he would prove an able and fearless chief executive officer of the State.

How far this expectation has been disappointed candid observers of current events in New Jersey may see for themselves. The election of 1893 swept the Democratic majority out of both branches of the Legislature, substituting a considerable Republican majority in the House of Assembly and a majority of one in the Senate. Instead of acquiescing in this result, the Democratic minority, the survival of a cabal whose odious race-track legislation and greed for place had made this revolution inevitable, sought to stay the reforms impending and to block legislation dreaded by the gamblers of Guttenburg and Gloucester. Although they had not numbers in the Senate sufficient to transact business, they seized on the machinery of that body, organized it in the absence of the members of the majority, and have held it in their possession. Their contention has been that the credentials of Senators-elect shall not be considered as entitling them to seats, as has been the usage from time immemorial, but the rights of said Senators-elect shall be held in abeyance until passed upon by a committee; and in this case, of course, a majority of such committee would be composed of men politically opposed to said Senators-elect. The Republican majority of the Senate have accordingly organized themselves, and now claim to be the Senate of the State of New Jersey; and that body is considering schemes of law in co-operation with the House of Assembly. Governor Werts has had it in his power to end this deadlock at any time by recognizing the lawfulness of the so-called "Republican Senate," the regularity of the election of the members of which nobody has seriously questioned. But, as if he had lost courage, or his personal or political obligations to the race-track managers hampered him, the Governor has pursued a policy of masterly inactivity, shirking responsibility as far as possible, and thus playing into the hands of the band of conspirators who have paralyzed the political machinery of the State of New Jersey.

NOAH BROOKS.

THE QUESTION OF PROMOTION IN THE LINE OF THE NAVY.

BY COMMANDER F. E. CHADWICK, U. S. N.

THE world has in the last century so grown away from anything like autocracy that there is not much change left for it to undergo, in most of the countries called civilized, in the matter of giving a voice in affairs to every one, whether they be ruled by Kaiser or President. This is so of European countries to a much greater extent than our fellow-citizens are given to thinking; but whatever their thoughts on this score in general, it is all the same true that we by no means have all there is of democracy, and in one or two nationalities of the Old World they can even teach us a thing or two in what we are prone to think our own particular field.

All this holds true of the land, but it stops with the edge of ocean. There is no plebiscit in any part of the domain of Neptune, whether his agent be the skipper of a down-East fore-and-after, the captain of a transatlantic liner, or the commander of one of the steel-clad fortresses embodying so much of the wealth and might of the flag she floats. Here autocracy survives, and must survive so long as ships float and men do business in great waters. It is no special attribute of the military phase of sea life; it belongs just as much to the smallest ship of commerce as to the mightiest man-of-war, and would exist in full force were every one of these at the bottom of the sea, and their ships' companies set to man a fleet of ocean tramps.

The power to direct with such absolutism the movements of a ship is a vast one, however humble the ship over which it is exercised, and no man can have qualities too high for such duty; but there is to the captain of the man-of-war the added responsibility of the state, a very part of which, of its dignity, authority, and power, his ship is. A United States vessel of war in a foreign port is a representative—in fact, is as much a part of the United States as the Federal city itself. Its decks can be violated by the exercise of a foreign authority as little as can the floor of the House of Representatives; wherever she may be, in the farthest reach of ocean's bounds, there is the invisible bridge which makes the ship and country one. Whatever action be taken, it is the country's action—the action of the government, backed for the time with all its forces, physical and moral. The captain may finally be not sustained by the far-distant powers to whom he reports, but, all the same, until these be heard from and his course be disavowed, his action is that of the United States itself, and means as much as if done by President and Congress combined.

Nor is he confined to unimportant matters: he may be called upon to fight a battle and wage war upon his own responsibility, and his action may necessarily be such as to bring on conflict between nation and nation.

I think I am right in calling these great responsibilities. I certainly know no heavier—heavy in any circumstances, whether merely governing the hundreds of his shipmates, directing the ship in calm or storm, upholding his country's rights and dignity abroad, or directing, in the stress and turmoil of battle, the mighty engine of destruction, of which he, and, in the nature of things, he alone, is the guiding spirit.

It is of course for this last, above all, of the many phases of naval life that the ship, her captain, officers, and crew exist. The steady brain, the nerve of steel, a lightning quickness of perception, a faculty of control of men, a command over the vast machine he guides, such that it may do all in it to do, are the ideal attributes desired in the man at the head of all this; and however short many in such place fall of these desiderata, it has been the aim of most governments to do what they can to furnish the men who may be expected to meet such demands. Our own begins well by giving an early training (and being the one to lead the way in such) which is unequalled in other nations. For thoroughness, zeal, adaptability to the multifarious and complicated duties of their many-sided profession, our officers may be pitted without fear against any in the world. Whatever the demands upon them, they have always responded, and the navy of to-day, splendid at least in quality of *matériel* if moderate in quantity, is a monument of the hard and earnest and for years hopeless effort of our officers of every corps. The gun-factory at Washington; our unsurpassed ordnance; our armor, the development of which has revolutionized the armor-manufacture of the world; the expansion by millions of expenditure of the great works at Bethlehem into the establishment which has not its equal elsewhere; the growth of Cramp's yard, where there is now building thrice the tonnage, war and mercantile, building in any other—are intimately bound up with the plodding, earnest work done by the officers of the navy in the last twelve years.

While we have accomplished so much, we have, however, lost sight of the fact that our officers have been growing old in their steps; that the sluggish current of advancement is bringing every one later and later in life to the period when his all-important training in command may begin. It *is* a training, a habit, the exercise of which should, to be at its best, be as second nature; and this second nature, it is almost needless to say, cannot, as a rule, be readily taken on in the fifties. That age does not weaken it when once acquired is shown by many memorable examples, as in Earl Howe, who fought the 1st of June when sixty-nine; in Farragut, one of the greatest names of the sea, who gained his victories when over sixty. But these men came to command early, and Farragut, who before he was thirteen took part in one of the fiercest and bloodiest of sea-fights, had a temporary command at twenty-two, was in temporary command again at thirty-seven, and was raised to command rank at forty. He said himself, "I consider it a great advantage to command young, having observed as a general thing that persons who come into authority late in life shrink from responsibility, and often break down under its weight."

Preble, the father of the American navy, whose training of the officers under him in the special period of our service—that of the Barbary wars—enabled us to win the victories of 1812, was at the time of his command off Tripoli but forty-two. Perry was but twenty-eight when he won Lake Erie, and McDonough but thirty-one when he fought his victorious battle on Champlain. The captains of our present navy list themselves came to command at a very youthful age, many of them commanding when they were but little more than half the years of some of the lieutenants of to-day.

So fully is this necessity of exercising command early recognized that all nations with important navies, except our own, arrange to assure that command rank shall be reached at a reasonably early period. As England's very existence depends upon her navy, and her great position is the direct outcome of her power through the last two centuries upon the sea, her custom may be taken as typical of the general feeling in regard to this question. Her captains are all young men, from our point of view. But few of them can hope to be admirals should they arrive at captain's rank later than at forty or forty-one. Many, and indeed most, reach this at an earlier age, thirty four or six being not at all uncommon.

To this point they have been selected throughout, the lieutenants from sub-lieutenants, the commanders from lieutenants, the captains from commanders. No other process, of course, could possibly effect so thoroughly what is designed and arrived at; and hard as it may and must be on those not chosen, must and does result in an admirable list of men. Once captain, if the rank has been reached early enough to spend the average sixteen years which it requires to reach the head of the list before fifty-six, one is sure of promotion to flag rank, unless he has shown such deterioration that he is not given a command for seven years, in which case he must retire. This is a very powerful weapon in the hands of the state for freeing the list of an undesirable officer, and is one which the Admiralty does not hesitate to use if thought needful.

The fifteen to sixteen years on the captains' list sometimes leave a very narrow margin, and there have been several cases of late years when officers have been obliged to retire when two or three days more would have given them promotion. There was one but awhile since, an officer of great distinction, who was thus necessarily sacrificed rather than break through the established order, much as the Admiralty and the service in his case desired otherwise. The rule insures an officer's having a very considerable number of years' service in flag rank, viz., nine as rear-admiral, vice-admiral, and admiral, in case he does not reach sixty before being promoted to vice-admiral, or sixty-five before becoming admiral. At this latter age those of the last-named rank are also compulsorily retired. This is far different from the present working of our own system, which frequently allows the rank of rear-admiral to be reached only in time to retire.

It must be said, too, that the English system, harsh as it is, and justifiable only through what is regarded as a state necessity, is most fairly and justly administered. If an officer be advanced, it is undoubtedly because he has shown himself worthy of advancement. He may pass over many as worthy, but they may not have had the chances to show what was in them. One may at least be sure that it is not the laggard or heavy-witted who thus goes up.

These details have been given not that the adoption of the methods is desirable with us, but to indicate as a matter of interest what is done in the oldest and most powerful of naval organizations, in which everything has been subordinated to the good of the state, and the individual is sacrificed whenever such sacrifice is deemed necessary. Our own methods are of much gentler sort, though a machinery exists which might render it almost as selective in character as the English itself.

This in detail is as follows:

1. Reports as to fitness of officers are made on the last day of June and of December of each year: officers commanding squadrons report on members of their personal staff and on captains of ships; captains of ships on all officers under their command; commandants of shore stations on members of their personal staff, on captains of stationary ships, and on all other officers under their command not attached to ships. Should any part of the report be unfavorable, the reasons must be stated, and a copy of that part must be furnished the officer reported upon, who shall be granted a reasonable time to prepare a written statement to be forwarded to the department with the report. Captains of ships shall require from senior staff-officers, and commandants of shore stations from heads of departments and commanding officers of marine garrisons, written reports on the professional fitness of their subordinates.

2. Answers to detailed questions regarding fitness for promotion are filed in the Navy Department regarding officers from all those under whom they have served.

3. At stated or convenient periods boards are convened for the examination of officers for promotion, consisting of not less than three officers senior in rank to the officer to be examined. This board acts under section 1496 of the revised statutes, which states that "no officer below the grade of commodore, and no officer not of the line, shall be promoted to a higher grade on the active list of the navy until his mental, moral, and professional fitness to perform all his duties at sea have been established to the satisfaction of a board of examining officers appointed by the President." Section 1497: "In time of peace no person shall be promoted from the list of commodores to the grade of rear-admiral on the active list until his mental, moral, and professional fitness to perform all his duties at sea has been established as provided in the preceding section."

4. It is also provided that no one can be promoted until his physical condition shall have been determined by a board of medical officers, and he shall have been pronounced physically fully qualified to perform all his duties at sea.

5. In addition to the above the navy regulations state that "the onus of establishing professional fitness shall be held to rest entirely upon the officer under examination. The mental and moral fitness of the candidate shall be assumed, unless a doubt shall be raised on either head in the mind of any member of the board, either from his own knowledge of the candidate, from the answers contained in any of the 'interrogatories,' from the general reputation of the candidate, or from other sources. It shall be held obligatory upon any member of the board to decline to recommend the promotion of an officer until he be satisfied of the officer's entire mental, moral, and professional fitness for promotion. The board, while careful not to do injustice to an officer regarding whom there is any doubt, shall take equal care to safeguard the honor and dignity of the service, recommending no officer for promotion as to whose fitness a doubt exists."

It would seem difficult for any undeserving to escape through such a net, but the possibility has existed, as for many years, and until within a very short time, the board was hampered by unwise orders, the outcome of a very unhappy period of naval administration, which almost compelled them to give the doubtful case the benefit of the doubt; and further, there was no provision by which an officer who had gradually deteriorated from causes he could not control, and who could be said to be but barely fit for higher duties, might be retired with any support whatever.

To drop such a man after a life in the service of many years because, though there was nothing specific against him, he did not reach a certain ideal, has been more than naval kind-heartedness could allow, in case any loop-hole of escape existed. Did the law allow such to be retired with a moderate retiring pay, there can be no doubt that with our present orders and regulations we should, if they were properly administered, have an almost ideal system of selecting, not those to be promoted, but of selecting out those who should not be, and a system of which no deserving man could make complaint. With such a machinery, and in efficient working order, our service would be fairly well off, but that it labors under certain disadvantages, due to the entry of classes so large during and immediately after the civil war as to preclude now and for some years to come officers arriving at command, unless some change be made, except at a period so late as to make it impossible that they should have the tendency to act with the independent vigor natural to earlier years. The law of 1882 cut terribly into the higher grades particularly, so that many of the large body of officers who entered from 1861 to 1867 may be said for all the years since to have been marking time, and many who were then comparatively young lieutenants are now still lieutenants, nearing the fifties. That these men, 124 of whom are still lieutenants, should not be retained in subordinate positions so long that they should know nothing else than to act always under the orders of an immediate superior, and some years hence be carried with an absurd rapidity through all the upper grades, and make the length of their service in those grades a farce, is a necessity. To meet this necessity, and not at the same time sacrifice many of those who are among the most able and deserving of the service, can be done to a large degree by restoring the grades to their normal ratio, somewhat as it existed before 1882, and somewhat as it exists in all other countries.

The following table gives the numbers and percentages in the several grades of the line of the navies of the United States, England, and France:

	United States (present organization).		England.		France.		Number which would be in the several grades of the U.S.N. if English and French percentages were allowed.	
Rank.	Number.	Per cent. of total list.	Number.	Per cent. of total list.	Number.	Per cent. of total list.	On the English basis.	On the French basis.
Flag	16	2.22	67	4.23	45	2.85	30	21
Captains	45	6.25	190	12.02	120	7.60	87	55
Commanders	85	11.81	312	19.73	215	13.61	142	98
Lieutenant-Commanders	74	10.28	419	26.50	720	45.61	191	328
Lieutenants	250	34.72	425	26.88			194	
Lieutenants (Junior grade)	75	10.41	168	10.63	479	30.32	77	218
Ensigns	175	24.31						
Totals	720	100.00	1581	99.99	1579	99.99	721	720

A return to something like our former ratios will, it is at once seen, be in accord with what was considered our needs in the past, and with what is found necessary—and in the case of the English in a much greater degree—in foreign services.

Our numbers were:

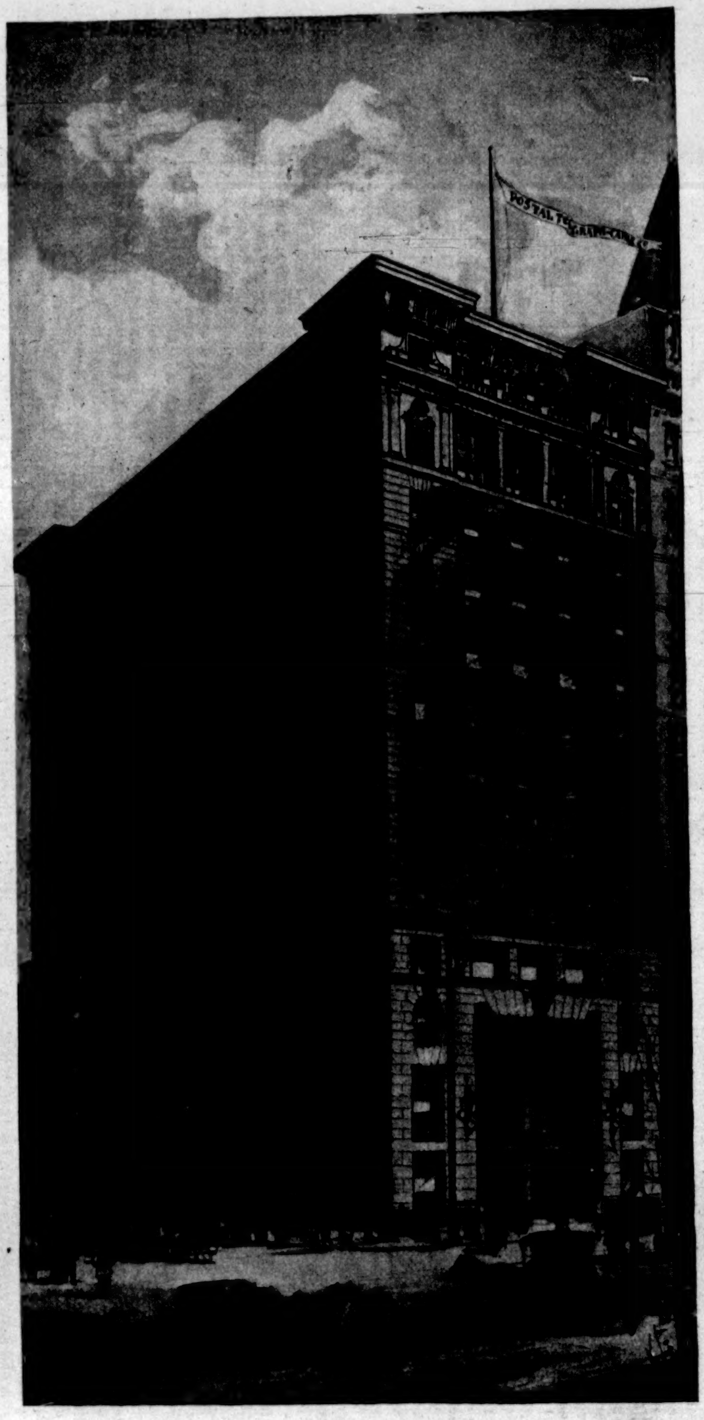
	1860.	1880.	1894.
Captains and above	80	88	61
Commanders	114	90	85
Below commanders	418	605	573
Totals	612	783	719

If the numbers be established as follows: rear-admirals, 20; captains, 60; commanders, 100; lieutenant-commanders, 100; lieutenants, 250; lieutenants (junior grade) and ensigns, 190—keeping the total numbers as at present—we should at once bring into a higher rank nearly the whole of the unfortunate dates entering from 1861 to 1867, if, as is proposed, those who entered from the volunteer service (numbering now 22) be considered as supernumerary to these numbers, and who, it is thought, should be shown special consideration; and nearly half of the dates mentioned would be in the command rank, where it is so much desired for the good of the service itself these men should now be. It would save the farcical rapidity of advancement which will otherwise come to so many of them later, by which men then aged will be passed through the grades of lieutenant-commander, commander, captain, and rear-admiral in from six to seven years. If combined with this action there be some means taken to insure that there shall be as many yearly vacancies above the grade of lieutenant-commander as sixteen, and as many as nineteen above the grade of lieutenant (and these do not much differ from those which will come under present rules), the whole, in case the existing laws and regulations regarding promotion are dealt with in the spirit in which they were established, will work with a smoothness and satisfaction and benefit to the service which would leave little to propose in the way of change hereafter. Such a system would give an average of service in the several grades as follows: as rear-admiral, 4½ years; captain, 5¼ years; commander, 7¾ years; lieutenant-commander, 4¼ years; lieutenant, 12½ years; lieutenant (junior grade), 2¾ years; ensign, 3 years.

There are now on the Navy Register fifty-nine more men in the dates 1861 to 1867 (inclusive) than the reorganization proposed by the board of 1891 would have left. It would be impossible, however, now to put this scheme, which undoubtedly would have met the difficulties, into force; the two and a half years which have passed would add much to the harshness which it would have worked at the time it was proposed.

Though the present suggestions may not be those of an ideal, they are much more in consonance with reason and experience than our present most unfortunate, most unsatisfactory condition of affairs. The cost would be moderate, but, measured from the point of efficiency, it would be all gain to the country.

MANHATTAN LIFE BUILDING.
Kimball & Thompson, Architects.
Extreme Height, New Street, 360 feet, Broadway, 347 feet.



POSTAL TELEGRAPH BUILDING.
George Edward Harding & Gooch, Architects.
Height of Building, 190 feet.

HOME LIFE BUILDING.
N. Le Brun & Sons, Architects.
Extreme Height, 280 feet.

AMERICAN SURETY BUILDING.
Bruce Price, Architect.
Height of Building, 300 feet.

FOUR NEW YORK SKY-SCRAPERS.—[See Page 210.]

AN EVENING WITH NEW YORK ARTISTS.—Drawn by Corwin K. Linson.—[See Page 202.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE layman's invariable test of surgery is implied in his question, "Did the patient get well?" If the answer is negative, he doesn't care for the operation. The doctor's views are not so prejudiced. He knows surgery when he sees it, and recognizes the merit of it, when it has merit, without regard to idiosyncrasies of the patient. When the doctor says that the operation was entirely successful, but the patient died, the layman usually says nothing, but looks despondent. But even a layman can understand the success of that operation the other day at the Long Island College Hospital, whereby the blood of Dr. Franklin Kemp was run into the veins of Kate Pomphrey. Kate Pomphrey had been found almost asphyxiated with gas, and was dying. Dr. Kemp, the house surgeon at the hospital, proposed to try transfusion of blood, and offered to contribute the blood. The operation was done before two hundred students in the operating-room of the hospital, and though mischances delayed its success, and a lot of good blood was wasted, through the efforts of two surgeons, and largely through Dr. Kemp's own pluck and persistence, it was presently made to work right, and for five minutes blood did run through a tube out of his veins and into hers. The effect was immediate. The woman, who had been black in the face and very near death, revived at once, and though she died twenty-four hours later of other complications (Bright's disease), it remains clear that her life was saved for the time being by Dr. Kemp's loan of a share of his own abundant vitality.

Dr. Kemp's prompt and generous benevolence is highly praised, and rightly; nevertheless, I think that far more than most of us realize it runs in human blood to shed itself for humanity when the occasion calls. I suspect that there is a little parcel of heroism put up with almost every new soul, which survives the crowding of ordinary petty selfishness, and is rarely eliminated altogether, except by years of calculating porcinity. It is strong stuff, and curiously capable of sudden expansion, so that as long as any of it is left, there is always a risk that it will swell out all in an unexpected moment, crowd calculation to the wall, and boss the job in hand.

"Forty-niners" are getting scarce in California. There were not many young people in the first crowd that swarmed to the gold-diggings, and men who were barely of age in '49 are sixty-six now. The majority of surviving Californian pioneers are much older than that. Colonel John D. Stevenson, who died in San Francisco February 14th, was born January 1, 1800, and had lived ninety-four years. He was a picturesque character, well known long ago in New York, where he was born and spent half of his long life. He organized the "Tompkins Blues" (named after Governor Tompkins) in 1825, and in 1847 went to California under convoy of the man-of-war *Preble*, in command of "Stevenson's Regiment," raised to whip the Mexicans, which, however, had been done so far as was necessary before it arrived. His troops did garrison duty for a time, however, and after they had been mustered out, the following year, he staid on the Pacific coast, and took to mining and other industries and grew up with the country. He was a shipping commissioner from 1872 to 1885, and after that a coast commissioner, and might have been holding important offices still if he had not caught the grippe, which undermined his health. It seems annoying that a man so well fitted by birth and constitution to round out the century should not have been suffered to do it. But the grip is a sneak and a cutthroat among diseases, and likes nothing better than to catch a good man on his bad day, and kill him out of hand.

It has been pointed out that a recent paragraph in this department of the WEEKLY about Mrs. Sherwood's "Kind Word" Association, for finding country situations for young women out of work, did not bring out quite clearly enough the class of young women for whom employment is sought. It is the women who have been used to work in town as clerks, type-writers, cashiers, and in such employments, that are the association's special charge. They have been thrown out of work in great numbers by the slackness of business, and are more helpless and less able to take care of themselves than women who are used to harder manual work. The "Kind Word" ladies say that they make excellent parlor maids and nursery governesses, and are particularly fit to meet the requirements implied in the advertisements one finds in English journals for "mothers' help."

It is as well to mention once more that the headquarters of the "Kind Word" Association are in the Athletic building on Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, and that the ladies of the association personally investigate the "characters" of all the young women whom they send out.

Speaking recently of Mr. George W. Childs, a writer in the *Sun* said:

"The amiable vanity which Mr. Childs displayed in telling of his own kindness, a quality much misunderstood by those who saw no other side of him, and who frequently commented on this in print as a great weakness in a great man, was pardonable because of that mysterious something in his manner which showed that self-glorification had almost no share in the recital, and that it was the love of doing a good turn to another that prompted him to tell of his satisfaction in it."

The point is well taken. There is a distinction between the delight which a good man takes in a good action because it is good, and the pride that he takes in it because it was his. Doubtless it is true that Mr. Childs delighted in his own kind actions, but it was because they were kind and relieved distress and made people happy, and not merely because they reflected credit upon himself. It is wisely advised that the left hand should not be too deeply in the right hand's confidence, but nowhere is it suggested that when the right hand's action warms the heart the left hand shall not presently share the resulting glow.

The Boston *Herald* reports that the Shakespearian tableaus given February 15th in Boston by students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School "were almost wholly based on Mr. Abbey's well-known illustrations of Shakespeare's plays, and their fidelity to these originals had been fully secured by a critical committee of examination." The tableaus were highly successful, as was to be expected, for it is pretty generally conceded in these days that if any one has precise and accurate information as to how Shakespeare's people looked it is Mr. Abbey. Moreover, beyond all his contemporaries, he seems to have the facilities for putting his knowledge of that subject into comprehensible form.

These Normal Art School tableaus were the central feature of an entertainment given by the 250 pupils of the school in honor of their principal, Mr. George H. Bartlett, and his staff of teachers. The festivity included a reception and supper and dancing, all enlivened by the Shakespearian costumes worn by most of the guests.

A single line of disparaging allusion in this corner of the WEEKLY to Ibsen's plays has brought from Madison, Wisconsin, a letter of strenuous expostulation from a friend of the WEEKLY and of Ibsen there resident. What was said here (in connection with some remarks about Zola's novels) was that sensible Americans are not likely to read Zola or to go to Ibsen's plays, except under a sense of obligation to know the worst. But this correspondent insists that "in the opinion of all that are competent to judge, Ibsen is one of the greatest dramatists living." That may be true. Very likely it is, and, at any rate, there is no adequate apparatus here at hand to disprove it. Indeed, I hardly know whether it will inflame or abate the indignation of the WEEKLY's Wisconsin friend if confession is made that the allusion that he finds fault with was not based on any such thorough knowledge of Ibsen as his own, but almost entirely upon the recent verdict of most of the newspaper critics in New York, that Mr. Ibsen's *Ghosts*, as lately put upon a metropolitan stage, was a nasty show. It is possible that if the Wisconsin gentleman will be so good as to read *Ghosts* in place of "plays" in the passage he complains of, the said passage may seem to him more defensible.

The Manchester *Guardian* remarks upon the neglect of the music of Henry Purcell, the English composer of the seventeenth century, who seems best entitled to rank as the founder of English opera. A selection from Purcell's *King Arthur* was lately given at a concert of seventeenth-century music in Paris, and the *Guardian* is proud of the impression that the old English music made upon the French critics. With the apparent idea that a prophet of two centuries' standing may safely be honored even in his own country, it urges the musical showmen in London to dig out the gems that are buried with Purcell, and even to revive his *King Arthur* or *Don Quixote*.

It is glad news that the Boston fathers have concluded to permit Mr. St. Gaudens' little boys to remain over the door of the Boston Public Library. They are not the first cherubs who have found themselves a cause of complaint. The decorous infants who hold up the artistic structure that adorns the cover of HARPER'S MAGAZINE have never, to my knowledge, been charged with reprobate tendencies, but the more boisterous ones who figure on the first page of *Life* have scandalized, first and last, a good many observers, and more than one vain demand has been made for their removal.

On account of complaints of the necessity of tipping the waiters in the House of Commons restaurant, the Kitchen Committee of the Commons lately voted to add a shilling a day to each waiter's pay and abolish tipping altogether. But in spite of the extra shilling tipping still goes on, and the committee can think of no remedy. There is a remedy, however, so obvious that it is odd that the committee has not thought of it, which is to take the extra daily shilling away from the waiters and give it to the members to tip with.

E. S. MARTIN.

SOCIAL LIFE AMONG ARTISTS.

NOTHING endures like tradition. The National Academy of Design is the incarnation of our oldest artistic tradition, the official depository of our remotest artistic memories. From time to time its prestige seems to be threatened. The younger generation, which has most of its affiliations elsewhere, is prone to regard the senior artistic organization of America as prosy, as too conservative, as a fit object for contumely. And then the Academy vindicates itself. The annual social reunion, which was held last Wednesday night in the familiar old library of the building on Twenty-third Street, was in nothing more remarkable than in its demonstration of how, when it comes to the point, the lion and the lamb having artistic temperaments will lie down together. Nor, upon this occasion, was the lamb by any means inside the Academic lion. There members of the Academy, of the Society of American Artists, of the American Water-Color Society, of the New York Water-Color Club, of the New York Etching Club, all mingled in an atmosphere of good-fellowship. In some cases artists came who belong to more than one of the several societies. The meeting is always among the brightest events of the year for this very reason, that it unites for no other purpose than one of pure social enjoyment the most diverse elements in the artistic life of New York. Pipes are lighted, punch-bowls are filled and exhausted, rivalries are forgotten, the talk is full of the reminiscences of veterans and the enterprises of youth. The friction of such intercourse is one of the most beneficial stimulants an artist can ask. To talk shop in mixed company is suicidal, but to talk shop among men of your own profession is often to germinate ideas and to come freshened from the scene.

This may appear to be taking Wednesday night's entertainment a trifle too seriously. Artists have opportunities to meet each other. The Academy maintains its position by other and far more important things than a yearly reunion. Apparently there is no reason why that reunion should provoke serious ruminations. But it does. It reminds the observer of artistic life in New York, reminds him very strongly, that there is no permanent centre where the experiences of last Wednesday night could be repeated at any time, when the artist is in the mood, and under just the right circumstances. The affair shines by contrast as well as by virtue of its positive character. The Architectural League gives a dinner every month. The Salmagundi Club has a pleasant little suite of rooms where it holds occasional exhibitions, and always offers a lounging-place to its members. But anything like the art clubs of Paris and London is painfully lacking, and some such institution is really needed in New York. The lawyers, the publishers, the authors, the journalists, and the book-lovers have their clubs. Why have not the artists theirs? A good many of the older set belong to the Century, but the point which the recent evening at the Academy emphasizes is that there should be neither a young nor an old set, that there should be one band embracing all the groups under a common tree of friendliness. We have several artistic clubs that are clubs in name. We have not any that are clubs in fact. That is to say, they represent association for the furtherance of strictly professional interests, not for the sharing of ideas on topics of a generally artistic nature. There are cliques, but a clique is only synonyme for a mutual admiration society. And *that is anathema maranatha.*

There is no more potent source of artistic development than intellectual commerce. Art that is not impregnated with ideas, with thought, is barren art, and the too exclusively self-centred life is a barren life. Artists come back from Paris, and go into raptures over the stimulating atmosphere there, the long talks among men of common interests, the encouragement that comes from appreciation and enthusiasm. It is rather odd that they do not realize that all of that atmosphere is due to the active life lived among the painters. A man like Rodin or like Cazin may prefer to flock by himself, but among the less unique artists there is a free interchange of sympathies and ideas. In New York this same interchange is witnessed, but more among groups than among the artists generally, and the explanation is not to be found in the point of view of the men alone. It is to be found also in the absence of any such meeting-place as has been touched upon in these remarks. It would be an experiment of great interest if the members of the Academy of Design were to see what could be done by fitting up the library as a regular club-room. It is not at all unlikely that in a little while larger quarters would be needed, and once let this need be fully recognized and a club-house will be forthcoming. To be sure artists are not rich, but they would not require a fortune to carry out a plan for a stirring up of social activity. A stir of this sort was looked for when the American Fine Arts Society was founded, but that has inevitably resolved itself into an organization for the carrying on of exhibitions and schools rather than for the enjoyment of social pleasures. The important thing to remember is that these social pleasures, if they do not degenerate into mere frivolity, have a very intimate connection with the growth of art. This has been the case from the beginning of art history down to the present day.

APPLICANTS FOR STATEHOOD.

NEW MEXICO.

NEW MEXICO is the oldest in point of settlement of all the States and Territories, and was organized as a Territory by act of Congress approved March 9, 1850. It comprises an area of 120,210 square miles, or 77,568,640 acres. By the census of 1890 the population is given at 153,593, an increase of 34,028, or 28.46 per cent., in the last ten years. The aggregate assessment of taxable property in 1891 is not less than $60,000,000.

There have been 1445 miles of railroad constructed in New Mexico, and numerous new roads are projected.

Property is assessed very low. The Territorial indebtedness is only $911,712 27.

The Territorial institutions of New Mexico reflect credit upon her people. The Territory has shown a great interest in the erection of proper public buildings, and has already without Federal aid expended $600,000 for this purpose.

The live-stock industry, which includes the raising of cattle, horses, and sheep, is carried on very extensively in New Mexico, and is one of the principal sources of its wealth and prosperity.

New Mexico is only exceeded in the number of its sheep by Ohio, Michigan, California, Texas, and Oregon.

Probably no State in the Union contains a larger area of coal, and of better quality, than is known to exist in New Mexico. The precious metals have been discovered in nearly all parts of the Territory, and in many places are successfully worked. The total value of the precious metals produced in 1890 is estimated at $3,000,000.

New Mexico is supplied with large tracts of timber in her mountains, and will afford a plentiful supply of cheap lumber for domestic use, and millions of feet for annual export from the State.

New Mexico, without the aid of the general government, has established an excellent system of public schools throughout the Territory, in which instruction is given 43,999 pupils between the ages of 5 and 20. The value of the public-school edifices at Las Vegas, Albuquerque, Socorro, Santa Fe, and other incorporated cities exceeds $2,000,000, while the private schools own property in Santa Fe, Albuquerque, and Las Vegas alone valued at $1,500,000. There are in addition a university, an agricultural college, a school of mines, and a military institute in successful operation.

The Hon. Edmund G. Ross, ex-Governor of New Mexico, in referring to the agricultural future of New Mexico, said:

"Contrary to the popular impression in the East, a very large proportion of the lands of New Mexico are good agricultural lands, which will average well with those of any of the States, East or West. . . . At least one-half the area of New Mexico is susceptible of a high state of cultivation and successful farming. The river valleys especially are rarely equalled anywhere in productive energy.

"When viewed in the light of the fact that in large portions of the Territory these lands are interspersed with forests of timber, vast deposits of coal, and quarries of excellent building-stone, mines of all the precious and valuable metals, and a climate unequalled in salubrity and healthfulness, it will be apparent that New Mexico possesses rare attractions for the ambitious, energetic, industrious farmer and home-seeker."

The committee of awards at the World's Fair gave to New Mexico first premium for wheat and oats. A comparison of the committee's findings showed that out of the whole world, the rest of the United States included, New Mexico had the finest wheat, the grain weighing 66 pounds to the bushel, against the universal standard of 60 pounds. The standard weight of oats is 32 pounds to the bushel: the New Mexico grain weighed 46 pounds.

New Mexico has long been famous for the salubrity of its climate. Tubercular diseases are unknown; no case of consumption has ever originated in the Territory.

It has been asserted that the people of New Mexico are not Americans, that they speak a foreign language, and that they have no affinity with American institutions. It is true that a large portion of the population in New Mexico speak the Spanish language, but it is also undoubtedly true that there are very few persons in New Mexico under thirty years of age who are unable to speak English, and that year by year the use of the English language is taking the place of Spanish. The people of New Mexico realize that they are a part of the United States, and that the English language is the national language, and it is a fixed and definite principle among them all that the English language shall be taught to every child in New Mexico. English is now taught in every school.

If New Mexico becomes a State, her mines will be developed, her railroads extended, her schools enlarged, and she will take upon herself a new encouragement for progress. When once the natural resources of New Mexico are developed, the whole nation will wonder that so rich a section of

our country should so long have remained a Territory. Differing in many points from the other parts of our great Union, she will minister to the wants of the whole country.

ANTONIO JOSEPH,
Congressional Delegate, New Mexico.

OKLAHOMA.

Should Oklahoma be admitted to Statehood? Oklahomans think it should, as it to-day possesses all the requisites necessary not only for the maintenance of self-government, but it will rapidly ascend the Statehood ladder. The important question for Congress to decide is shall the State of Oklahoma comprise all of what was formerly the old Indian Territory, or shall it be so created as to leave out the five civilized tribes. If the former, it will contain more people than any two States ever had when admitted into the Union. It would be a State containing 600,000 white people, to say nothing of the 50,000 so-called Indians in the five tribes. I use the word "so called" for the reason that a genuine Indian is almost as much of a curiosity in the five tribes as he would be here in Washington. If the State is formed as above it would contain over 1500 miles of trunk-line railroads, and a property valuation of over $100,000,000, and an area of 70,000 square miles. In this connection it must be borne in mind that the above valuation consists of only town, railroad, and personal property. Fully 30,000 square miles contained in the five tribes is held in common, and not subject to taxation, while the title to most of the land in what is now Oklahoma is still in the United States. The five tribes have such treaty stipulations with the government that it is doubtful if they will ever consent willingly to any change in their conditions. Congress sooner or later must take a bold stand, and in the interest of Christianity and morality wipe out tribal relations, and treat those Indians as they do white men. Should it be decided to give Statehood to Oklahoma alone, it would constitute a State having 39,000 square miles—a State larger than New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Vermont combined, larger than Indiana, and about the size of Ohio; a State containing 300,000 of the most progressive people in the Union, 95 per cent. of whom are native-born Americans. It would be a State without a dollar's worth of Territorial indebtedness, a State where socialists and anarchists are unknown, and would, in fact, be a typical American commonwealth, containing a people who from April 22, 1889, until May, 1890, without any law under the sun to govern them, built cities of from eight to ten thousand people, and to our credit it must be said that during that period crime was almost unknown. Our cities are substantially built, and own their own electric-light and gas plants, water-works, etc. There are published in the Territory thirteen daily and sixty weekly newspapers. The Territory is well timbered in the eastern part, and well watered throughout, and is almost exclusively devoted to agriculture. In Oklahoma on the same farm can be raised corn that will run seventy and wheat that last year averaged throughout the Territory thirty-three bushels per acre. Cotton thrives as well there as in any State of the Union. At the World's Fair Oklahoma was awarded the premium on patent flour, winter wheat, corn, oats, buckwheat, red sorghum, squash, and cotton on the stalk, and a lady residing at Guthrie was awarded a premium on painted china. Farm improvements will compare favorably with those in older States; the dugout and sod house of Oklahoma only exists in the imaginative Congressional brain. School-houses abound; the school population of the Territory exceeds the present total population of some of the soon-to-be and some of the existing States, being estimated at 80,000. Churches of all denominations are numerous, the Catholics and Episcopalians having resident bishops there. The Territory has built a $30,000 university, a $20,000 normal school, and a $25,000 agricultural college. I venture the assertion that with Statehood for that part of the old Indian Territory not included in the five tribes the census of 1900 will find Oklahoma a State of 1,000,000 people. There is a diversity of opinion among our people as to what area should comprise the State, but there is unity on the proposition of Statehood of some kind. In view of the home-rule planks in all party platforms it is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that since March 4, 1893, fifty-seven out of sixty-three appointments made by the Interior Department in our Territory are non-residents, that our people demand self-government and Statehood, and a release from the Territorial yoke that allows such a condition to exist, and the country at large will never regret its welcome to Oklahoma as a State.

D. T. FLYNN,
Congressional Delegate, Oklahoma.

PEMBROKE.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE Sunday evening about four months after the cherry party Barnabas Thayer came out of his house and strolled slowly across the road. Then he paused, and leaned up against some pasture bars and looked around him. There was nobody in sight on the road in either direction, and everything was very still, except for the vibrating calls of the hidden insects that came to their flood-tide of life in early autumn.

Barnabas listened to those calls, which had in them a certain element of mystery, as have all things which reach only one sense. They were in their humble way the voices of the unseen, and as he listened they seemed to take on a rhythmic cadence. Presently the drone of multifold vibrations sounded in his ears with even rise and fall, like the mighty breathing of Nature herself. The sun was low, and the sky was full of violet clouds. Barney could see outlined faintly against them the gray sweep of the roof that covered Charlotte's daily life.

Soon the bell for evening meeting began to ring, and Barney started. People might soon appear on their way to meeting, and he did not want to see them. Barney avoided everybody now; he had been nowhere since the cherry party, not even to meeting. He led the life of a hermit, and seldom met his kind at all, except at the store, where he went to buy the simple materials for his solitary meals.

Barney turned aside from the main road into the old untravelled one leading past Sylvia Crane's house. It appeared scarcely more than a lane; the old wheel ruts were hidden between green weedy ridges; the bordering stone walls looked like long green barrows being overgrown with poison-ivy vines and rank shrubs. For a long way there was no house except Sylvia Crane's. There was one cellar where a house had stood before Barney could remember. There were a few old blackened chimney bricks still there, the step-stone worn by dead and forgotten feet, and the old lilac-bushes that had grown against the front windows. Two poplar-trees, too, stood where the front yard had met the road, casting long shadows like men. Sylvia Crane's house was just beyond, and Barney passed it with a furtive anxious glance, because Charlotte's aunt lived there. He saw nobody at the windows, but the guardian stone was quite rolled away from the door, so Sylvia was at home.

Barney walked a little way beyond; then he sat down on the stone wall, and remained there motionless. He heard the meeting-bell farther away, then it ceased. The wind was quite crisp and cool, and it smote his back from the northwest. He could smell wild grapes, and the pungent odor of decaying leaves. The autumn was beginning, and over his thoughts, raised like a ghost from the ashes of the summer, stole a vague vision of the winter. He saw for a second the driving slant of the snow-storm over the old drifting road; he saw the white slant of Sylvia's house roof through it. And at the same time a curious pleasant desire, which might have been primitive, and coeval with the provident passion of the squirrels and honey bees, thrilled him. Then he dismissed it bitterly. What need of winter stores and provisions for sweet home comfort in the hearts of freezing storms was there for him? What did he care whether or not he laid in stores of hearth-wood, of garden produce, of apples, just for himself in his miserable solitude? The inborn desire of Northern races at the approach of the sterile winters, containing, as do all desires to insure their fulfilment, the elements of human pleasure, failed suddenly to move him, when he remembered that his human life, in one sense, was over.

Opposite him, across the road, in an old orchard, was a tree full of apples. The low sun struck them, and they showed spheres of rosy orange as brilliant as Atlanta's apples of gold against the background of dark violet clouds. Barney looked at this tree, which was glorified for the time almost out of its common meaning as a tree, as he might have looked at a gorgeous procession passing before him, while his mind was engrossed with his own misery seeming to project before his eyes like a veil.

Presently it grew dusky, and the glowing apples faded; the town clock struck eight. Barney counted the strokes, then he arose and went slowly back. He had not gone far when he saw at a distance down the road a man and woman strolling slowly toward him. They disappeared suddenly, and he thought they had turned into a lane which opened upon the road just there. He thought to himself, and with no concern, that it might have been his sister Rebecca—something about the woman's gait suggested her—and William Berry. He knew that William was not allowed in his mother's house, and that he and Rebecca met outside. He looked up the dusky lane when he came to it, but he saw nobody.

When he reached Sylvia Crane's house he noticed that the front door was open, and a woman stood there in a dim shaft of candle-light which streamed from the room beyond. He started, for he thought it might be Charlotte, then he saw that it was Sylvia Crane leaning out toward him, shading her eyes with her hand.

He said good-evening, vaguely, and passed on. Then he heard a cry of indistinct words behind him, and turned. "What is it?" he called out. But still he could not understand what she said, her voice was so broken, and he went back.

When he got quite close to the gate he understood. "You ain't goin' past, Richard? You ain't goin' past, Richard?" Sylvia was wailing over and over, clinging to the old gate-post.

Barney stood before her, hesitating. Sylvia reached out a hand toward him, clutching piteously with pale fingers through the gloom. Barney drew back from the poor hand. "I rather think—you've—made a mistake," he faltered out.

"You ain't goin' past, Richard?" Sylvia wailed out again. She flung out her lean arm farther toward him. Then she wavered. Barney thought she was going to fall, and he stepped forward and caught hold of her elbow. "I guess you don't feel well, do you, Miss Crane?" he said. "I guess you had better go into the house, hadn't you?"

"I feel—kind of—bad. I—thought you was—goin' past," gasped Sylvia. Barney supported her awkwardly into the house. At times she leaned her whole trembling weight upon him, and then withdrew herself, all unnerved as she was, with the inborn maiden reticence which so many years had strengthened. Once she pushed him from her, then drooped upon his arm again, and all the time she kept moaning, "I thought you was goin' right past, Richard—I thought you was goin' right past."

And Barney kept repeating, "I guess you've made a mistake, Miss Crane," but she did not heed him.

When they were inside the parlor he shifted her weight gently on to the sofa, and would have drawn off, but she clung to his arm, and it seemed to him that he was forced to sit down beside her or be rough with her. "I thought you was goin' right past, Richard," she said again.

"I ain't Richard," said Barney; but she did not seem to hear him. She looked straight in his face with a strange boldness, her body inclined toward him, her head thrown back. Her thin faded cheeks were burning, her blue eyes eager, her lips twitching with pitiful smiles. The room was dim with candle-light, but everything in it was distinct; and Sylvia Crane, looking straight at Barney Thayer's face, saw the face of Richard Alger.

Suddenly Barney himself had a curious impression. The features of Richard Alger seemed to look back at him from his own thoughts instead of his own. He dashed his hand across his face with an impatient bewildered motion, as if he brushed away unseen cobwebs, and stood up. "You have made—" he began again, but Sylvia interrupted him with a weak cry.

"Set down here, set down here, jest a minute, if you don't want to kill me!" she wailed out, and she clutched at his sleeve and pulled him down, and before he knew what she was doing had shrunk close to him and laid her head on his shoulder. She went on talking desperately in her weak voice strained shrill octaves above her ordinary life. "I've had this—sofa ten years," she said—"ten years, Richard, an' you never set with me on it before, an'—you'd been comin'—here a long while before that came betwixt us last spring. Richard, 'ain't you forgiven me yet?"

Barney made no reply.

"Can't you put your arm around me jest once, Richard?" she went on. "You 'ain't never, an' you've been comin' here a long while. I've had this sofa ten year."

Barney put his arm around her, seemingly with no volition of his own.

"It's six months to-day sence you came last," Sylvia said. "It's six whole months, an' when I see you goin' past to-night it didn't seem as if I could bear it—it didn't seem as if I could bear it, Richard." Sylvia turned her pale profile closer to Barney's breast and sobbed faintly. "I've watched so long for you," she sighed out; "all these months I've set there at the window, strainin' my eyes into the dark. Oh, you don't know, Richard—you won't never know!"

Barney trembled with Sylvia's sobs. He sat with a serious shamefacedness, his arm around the poor bony waist, staring over the faded fair head, which had never lain on any lover's breast except in dreams. For the moment he could not stir; he had a feeling of horror, as if he saw his own double. There was a subtle resemblance, which lay deeper than the features, between him and Richard Alger. Sylvia saw it, and he saw his own self reflected as Richard Alger in that straining mental vision of hers which exceeded the spiritual one.

"Can't you forgive me, an'—come again the way—you used to?" Sylvia panted out. "I couldn't get home before, that night, nohow. I couldn't, Richard. 'Twas the night Charlotte an' Barney fell out. They had a dreadful time; I had to stay there. It wa'n't my fault. If Barney had come back, I could have got here in season, but poor Charlotte was settin' out there all alone on the door-step, an' her father wouldn't let her in, an' Sarah took on so, I had to stay. I thought I should die when I got back an' found out you'd been here an' gone. Ain't you goin' to forgive me, Richard?"

Barney suddenly removed his arm from Sylvia's waist, pushed her clinging hands away, and stood up again. "Now, Miss Crane," he said, "I've got to tell you. You've got to listen and take it in. I am not Richard Alger; I am Barney Thayer."

"What?" Sylvia said, feebly, looking up at him. "I don't know what you say, Richard; I wish you'd say it again."

"I ain't Richard Alger; I am Barney Thayer," repeated Barney, in a loud, distinct voice. Sylvia's straining, questioning eyes did not leave his face. "You made a mistake," said Barney.

Sylvia turned her eyes away; she laid her head down on the arm of the hair-cloth sofa and gasped faintly. Barney bent over her. "Now don't feel bad, Miss Crane," said he. "I sha'n't ever say a word about this to anybody."

Sylvia made no reply; she lay there half gasping for breath, and her face looked deathly to Barney.

"Miss Crane, are you sick?" he cried out in alarm. When she did not answer, he even laid hold of her shoulder and shook her gently, and repeated the question. He did not know if she were faint or dying; he had never seen anybody faint or die. He wished instinctively that his mother were there; he thought for a second of running for her in spite of everything.

"I'll go and get some water for you, Miss Crane," he said, desperately, and seized the candle, and went with it, flaring and leaving a wake of smoke, out into the kitchen. He presently came back with a dipper of water, and held it dripping over Sylvia. "Hadn't you better drink a little?" he urged.

But Sylvia suddenly motioned him away, and sat up. "No, I don't want any water; I don't want anything after this," she said, in a quick, desperate tone. "I can never look anybody in the face again. I can never go to meetin' again."

"Don't you feel so about it, Miss Crane," Barney pleaded, his own voice uncertain and embarrassed. "The room ain't very light, and it's dark outside. Maybe I do look like him a little. It ain't any wonder you made the mistake."

"It wa'n't that," returned Sylvia. "I dun'no' what the reason was; it don't make any difference. I can't never go to meetin' again."

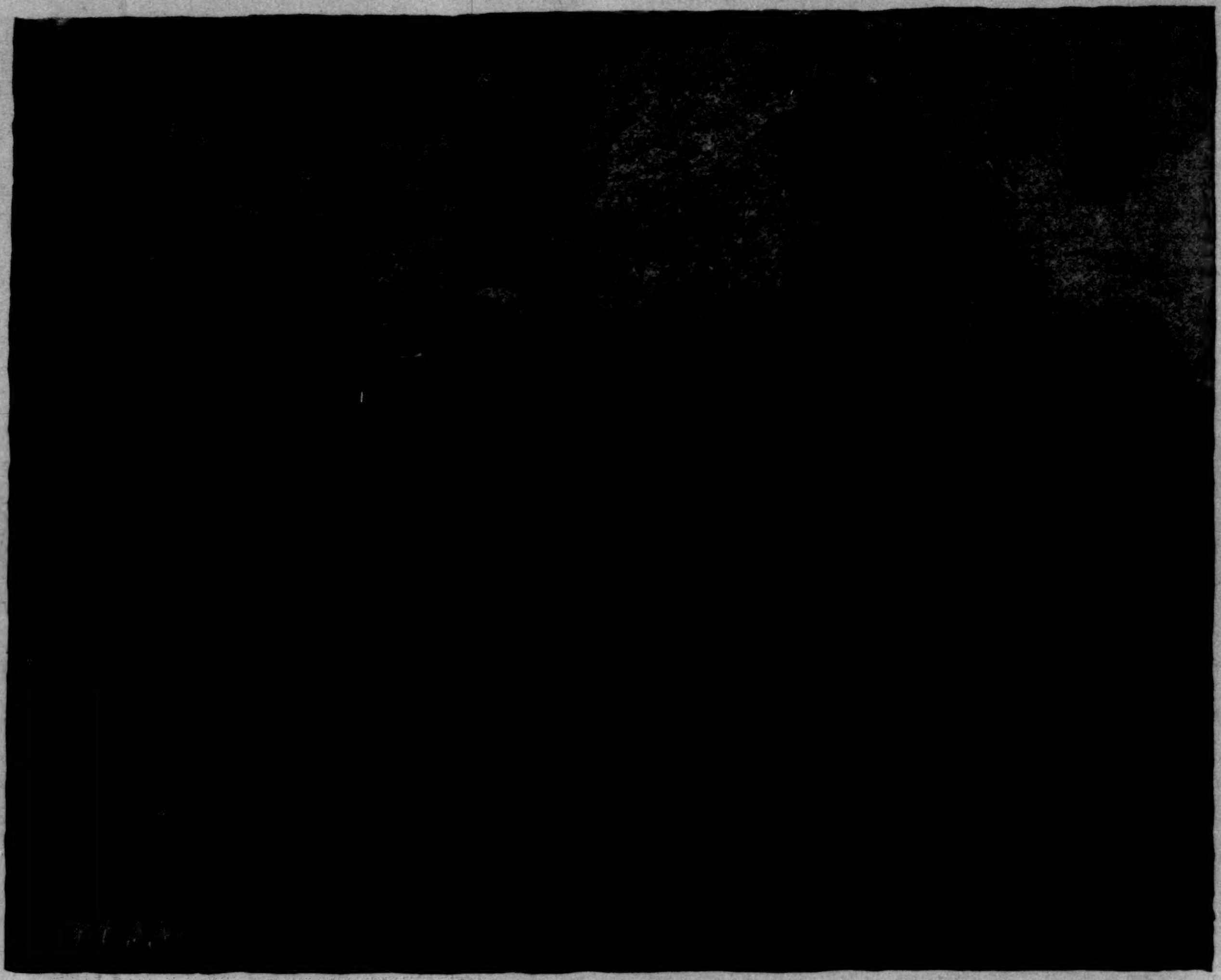
"I sha'n't tell anybody," said Barney. "I sha'n't ever speak of it to any human being."

Sylvia turned on him with sudden fierceness. "You had better not," said she, "when you're doin' jest the same as Richard Alger yourself, an' you're makin' Charlotte sit an' watch an' suffer for nothin' at all, jest as he makes me. You had better not tell of it, Barney Thayer, when it was all due to your awful will that won't let you give in to anybody, in the first place, an' when you are so much like Richard Alger yourself that it's no wonder that anybody that knows him body and soul as I do took you for him. You had better not tell."

Again Barney seemed to see before his eyes that image of himself as Richard Alger, and he could no more change it than he could change his own image in the looking-glass. He said not another word, but carried the dipper of water back to the kitchen, returned with the candle, setting it gingerly on the white mantel-shelf, between a vase of dried flowers and a mottle-backed shell, and went out of the house. Sylvia did not speak again, but he heard her moan as he closed the door, and it seemed to him that he heard her as he went down the road, although he knew that he could not.

It was quite dark now; all the light came from a pale wild

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1933.



"HE REMAINED THERE MOTIONLESS."

sky. The moon was young, and feebly intermittent with the clouds.

Barney, hastening along, was all trembling and unnerved. He tried to persuade himself that the woman whom he had just left was ill, and laboring under some sudden aberration of mind; yet, in spite of himself, he realized a terrible rationality in it. Little as he had been among the village people of late, and little as he had heard of the village gossip, he knew the story of Richard Alger's desertion of Sylvia Crane. Was he not like Richard Alger in his own desertion of Charlotte Barnard, and had not Sylvia been as little at fault in taking one for the other as if they had been twin brothers? Might there not be a closer likeness between characters than features, perhaps by a repetition of sins and deformities, and might not one now and then be able to see it?

Then the question came—was Charlotte like Sylvia? Was Charlotte even now sitting watching for him with that awful eagerness which comes from a hunger of the heart? He had seen one woman's wounded heart, and, like most men, was disposed to generalize, and think he had seen the wounded hearts of all women.

When he had reached the turn of the road, and had come out on the main one where his house was, and where Charlotte lived, he stood still, looking in her direction. He seemed to see her, a quarter of a mile away, in the darkness, sitting at her window watching for him, as Sylvia had watched for Richard.

He set his mouth hard and crossed the road. He had just reached his own yard when there was the pale flutter of a skirt out of the darkness before him, and a little shadowy figure met him with a soft shock. There was a smothered nervous titter from the figure. Barney did not know who it was; he muttered an apology, and was about to pass into his yard when Rose Berry's voice arrested him. It was quite trembling and uncertain; all the laughter had gone out of it.

"Oh, it's you," said she. "You frightened me. I didn't know who it was."

Barney felt suddenly annoyed, without knowing why. "Oh, is it you, Rose?" he returned, stiffly. "It's a pleasant evening." Then he turned.

"Barney," Rose said, and her voice sounded as if she were weeping.

Barney stopped and waited.

"I want to know if—you're mad with me, Barney."

"No, of course I ain't. Why?"

"I thought you'd acted kind of queer to me lately."

Barney stood still, frowning in the darkness. "I don't know what you mean," he said at length. "I don't know how I've treated you any different from any of the girls."

"You haven't been to see me, and—you've hardly spoken to me since the cherry party."

"I haven't been to see anybody," said Barney, shortly; and he turned away again.

But Rose caught his arm. "Then you are sure you ain't mad with me?" she whispered.

"Of course I'm sure," Barney returned, impatiently.

"It would kill me if you were," Rose whispered. She pressed close to him. He could feel her softly panting against his side. Her head sank on his shoulder. "I've been worrying about it all these months," she said in his ear. Her soft curly hair brushed his cheek. But her little transient influence over him was all gone. He felt angry and ashamed.

"I haven't thought anything about it," he said, brusquely. Rose sobbed faintly, but she did not move away from him. Suddenly that cruel repulsion which seizes mankind toward reptiles and unsought love seized Barney. He unclasped her clinging hands, and fairly pushed her away from him. "Good-night, Rose," he said, shortly, and turned, and went up the path to his own door with determined strides.

"Barney!" Rose called after him; but he paid no attention. She even ran up the path after him; but the door shut, and she turned back. She was trembling from head to foot; there was a great rushing in her ears; but she heard a quick light step behind her when she got on the road, and she hurried on before it with a vague dread.

She almost ran at length; but the footsteps gained on her, a dark skirt brushed her light-colored one, and Charlotte's voice, full of contempt and indignation, said, in her ear, "Oh, I thought it was you."

"I—was coming up—to your—house," Rose faltered. She could hardly get her breath to speak.

"Why didn't you come, then?" demanded Charlotte. "What made you go to Barney Thayer's?"

"I didn't," said Rose, in feeble self-defence. "He was out in the road. I—just stopped—to speak to him—"

"You were coming out of his yard," Charlotte said, pitilessly. "You followed him in there. I saw you. Shame on you!"

"Oh, Charlotte, I haven't done anything out of the way," pleaded Rose, weakly.

"You have tried your best to get Barney Thayer, all the time you have been pretending to be such a good friend to me; I don't know what you call out of the way."

"Charlotte, don't—I haven't."

"Yes, you have. I am going to tell you, once for all, what I think of you. You've been a false friend to me, and now when Barney don't notice you, you follow him up, as no girl that thought anything of herself would. And you don't even care anything for him; you haven't even that for an excuse."

"You don't know but what I do," Rose cried out, desperately.

"Yes, I do know. If anybody else came along you'd care for him just the same."

"I shouldn't. Charlotte, I should never have thought of Barney if he—hadn't left you; you know I shouldn't."

"That's no excuse," said Charlotte, sternly.

"You said yourself he would never come back to you," said Rose.

"Would you have liked me to do so by you, if you had been in my place?"

Rose twitched herself about. "You can't expect him never to marry anybody, because he ain't going to marry you," she said, defiantly.

"I don't—I ain't quite so selfish as that. But he won't ever marry anybody he don't like because she follows him up, and I don't see how that alters what you've done."

Rose began to walk away. Charlotte stood still, but she raised her voice. "I ain't very happy," said she, "and I sha'n't be happy my whole life, but I wouldn't change places with you. You've lowered yourself, and that's worse than any unhappiness."

Rose fled away in the darkness without another word, and Charlotte crossed the road to go to her aunt Sylvia's.

Rose, as she went on, felt as if all her dreams were dying within her; a dull vision of the next morning, when she should awake without them, weighed upon her. She had a childish sense of shame and remorse, and a conviction of the truth of Charlotte's words. And yet she had an injured and bewildered feeling, as if somewhere in this terrible nature at whose mercy she was there was some excuse for her.

Rose was nearly home, when she began to meet the people coming from meeting. She kept close to the wall, and scudded along swiftly, that no one might recognize her. All at once a young man, whom she had passed, turned and walked along by her side, making a shy clutch at her arm.

"Oh, it's you," she said, wearily.

"Yes. Do you care if I walk along with you?"

"No," said Rose; "not if you want to."

An old pang of gratitude came over her. It was only the honest, overgrown boy, the Tommy Ray of the store. She had known he worshipped her afar off; she had laughed at him, and half despised him; but now she felt suddenly humble and grateful for even this devotion. She moved her arm, that he might hold it more closely.

"It's too dark for you to be out alone," he said, in his embarrassed tender voice.

"Yes, it is pretty dark," said Rose. Her voice shook.

They had passed the last group of returning people. Suddenly Rose, in spite of herself, began to cry. She sobbed wildly, and the boy, full of alarm and sympathy, walked on by her side.

"There ain't anything—scared you, has there?" he stammered out awkwardly at length.

"No," sobbed Rose.

"You ain't sick?"

"No; it ain't anything."

The boy held her arm closer. He trembled, and almost sobbed himself with sympathy. Before they reached the old tavern Rose had stopped crying; she even tried to laugh and turn it off with a jest. "I don't know what got into me," she said; "I guess I was nervous."

"I didn't know but something had scared you," said the boy.

They stood on the door-steps; the house was dark. Rose's parents had gone to bed, and William was out. The boy still held Rose's arm. He had adored her secretly ever since he was a child, and he had never dared as much as that before. He had thought of Rose like a queen or a princess, and the thought had ennobled his boyish ignorance and commonness.

"No, I wasn't scared," said Rose, and something in her voice gave sudden boldness to her young lover.

He released her arm, and put both his around her. "I'm sorry you feel so bad," he whispered, panting.

"It isn't anything," returned Rose, but she half sobbed again, the boy's round cheek pressed against her wet burning one. He was several years younger than she; she had half scorned him; but she had one of those natures that crave love for its own sweetness as palates crave sugar.

She wept a little on his shoulder, and the boy, half beside himself with joy and terror, stood holding her fast in his arms.

"Don't feel bad," he kept whispering.

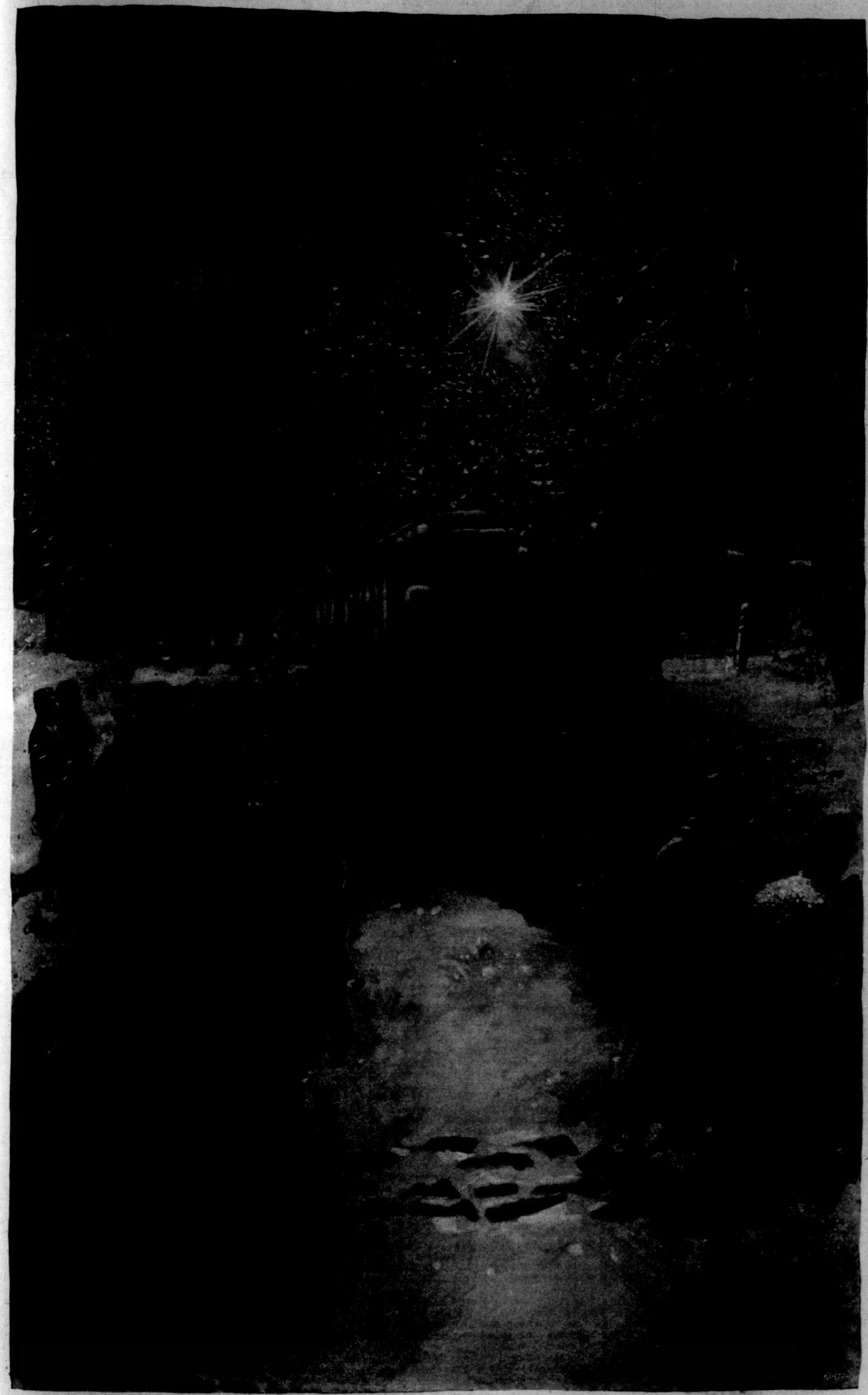
Finally Rose raised herself. "I must go in," she whispered. "Good-night."

The boy's pleading face, his innocent, passionate lips, approached hers, and they kissed each other.

"Don't you—like me a little?" gasped the boy.

"Maybe I will," Rose whispered back. His face came closer, and she kissed him again. Then with a murmured good-night she fled into the house, and the boy went down the hill with sweeter dreams in his heart than those which she had lost.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CLEARING SNOW BY ELECTRICITY—THE SWEEPER ON THE TROLLEY LINE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

IT had been raining heavily for one whole month—raining on a camp of thirty thousand men, and thousands of camels and elephants and horses and bullocks and mules that were all gathered together at a place, Rawal Pundi, to be reviewed by the Viceroy of India. He was receiving a visit from the Amir of Afghanistan, a wild king of a very wild country, and the Amir had brought with him a body-guard, eight hundred men and horses, who had never seen a camp or a locomotive before in their lives—savage men and savage horses from somewhere at the back of central Asia. Every night a mob of these horses would be sure to break their heel-ropes and stampede up and down the camp through the mud in the dark, or else the camels would break loose and run about and fall over the ropes of the tents, and you can imagine how nice that was for men who were trying to go to sleep. My tent lay far away from the camel lines, and I thought it was safe; but one night a man popped his head in and shouted: "Get out, quick! They're coming! My tent's gone."

I knew who "they" were. So I put on my boots and water-proof and scuttled out into the slush. Little Vixen, my fox-terrier, went out through the other side, and then there was a roaring and a grunting and a bubbling, and I saw the tent cave in as the pole snapped and began to dance about like a mad ghost. A camel had blundered into it, and wet and angry as I was I could not help laughing. Then I ran on because I did not know how many camels might have got loose, and before long I was out of sight of the camp, ploughing my way through the mud. At last I fell over the tail end of a gun, and by that I knew I was somewhere near the artillery lines, where the cannon were stacked at night, and did not want to plowter about any more in the drizzle and the dark; so I put my water-proof over the muzzle of one gun, and made a sort of wigwam with two or three rammers that I found, and lay along the tail of another gun, wondering where Vixen had got to and where I might be. Just as I was getting ready to go to sleep I heard a jingle of harness and a grunt, and a mule passed me shaking his wet ears. He belonged to a screw-gun battery, for I could hear the rattle of the straps and rings and chains and things on his saddle-pad. The screw-guns are tiny little cannon, made in two pieces, that are screwed together when the time comes to use them. They are taken up mountains anywhere that a mule can find a road, and they are very useful for Indian fighting in rocky country. Behind the mule there was a camel with his big soft feet squelching and slipping in the mud, and his neck bobbing to and fro like a strayed hen's. Luckily I knew enough of beast language—not wild-beast language, but tame-beast language, of course—from the natives to know what he was saying. He must have been the one that flopped into my tent, for he called to the mule: "What shall I do? Where shall I go? I have fought with a white thing that waved, and it took a stick and hit me on the neck." (That was my broken tent-pole, and I was very glad to know it.) "Shall we run on?"

"Oh, it was you," said the mule, "you and your friends that have been disturbing the camp? All right. You'll be beaten for this in the morning, but I may as well give you something on account."

I heard the harness jingle as the mule backed and caught the camel two kicks in the ribs that rang like a drum. "Another time," he said, "you'll know better than to run through a mule-battery at night shouting 'Thieves and fire!' Sit down and keep your silly neck quiet."

The camel doubled up camel-fashion, like a two-foot rule, and sat down whimpering. There was a regular beat of hoofs in the darkness, and a big troop-horse cantered up as steadily as though he were on parade, jumped a gun-tail, and landed close to the mule.

"It's disgraceful," he said, blowing out his nostrils. "Those camels have racketed through our lines again—the third time this week. How's a horse to keep his condition if he isn't allowed to sleep? Who's there?"

"I'm the breech-piece mule of number two gun of the first screw battery," said the mule, "and the other's one of your friends. He's waked me up too. Who are you?"

"Number fifteen, E troop, Ninth lancers. Dick Cunliffe's horse. Move out a little there."

"Oh, beg your pardon," said the mule. "It's too dark to see much. Aren't these camels too sickening for anything! I walked out of my lines to get a little peace and quiet out here."

"My lords," said the camel, humbly, "we dreamed bad dreams in the night and we were very much afraid. I am only a baggage-camel of the Thirty-ninth Native Infantry, and I am not as brave as you are."

"Then why didn't you stay and carry baggage for the Thirty-ninth Native Infantry, instead of running all round the camp like a hen?" said the mule.

"They were such very bad dreams," said the camel. "I am sorry. Listen! What is that? Shall we run on again?"

"Sit down," said the mule, "or you'll snap your long fool legs among the guns." He cocked one ear and listened. "Bullocks," he said. "Gun-bullocks! on my word, you and your friends have waked the camp very thoroughly. It takes a good deal of hustling to put up a gun-bullock."

I heard a chain dragging along the ground and a yoke of the great sulky white bullocks, that drag the heavy siege-guns when the elephants won't go any nearer to the firing, come shouldering along together, and almost stepping on the chain was another battery-mule calling wildly for "Billy."

"That's one of our recruits," said the old mule to the troop-horse. "He's calling for me. Here, youngster, stop squealing! The dark never hurt anybody yet."

The gun-bullocks lay down together and began chewing the cud, but the young mule huddled close to Billy.

"Things!" he said. "Fearful and horrible things, Billy! They came into our lines while we were asleep. D'you think they'll kill us?"

"I've a very great mind to give you a number one kicking," said Billy. "The idea of a fourteen-hand mule with your training disgracing the battery before this gentleman!"

"Gently, gently," said the troop-horse. "Remember they are always like this to begin with. The first time I ever saw a man (it was in Australia, when I was a three-year-old) I ran for half a day; and if I'd seen a camel, I should have been running still."

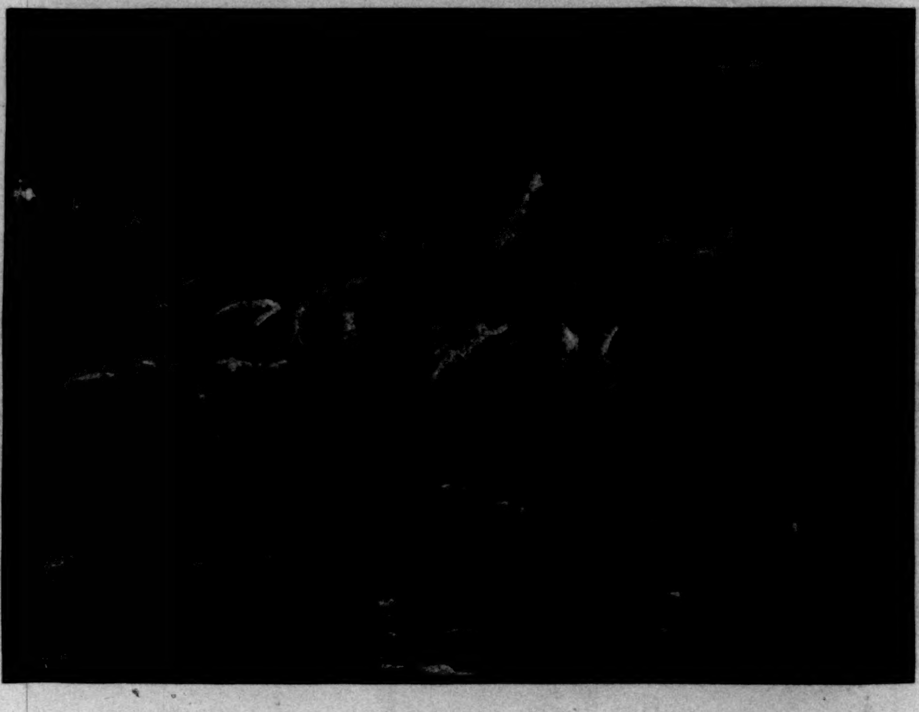
Nearly all our horses for the English cavalry are brought to India in ships from Australia, and are broken in by the troopers themselves.

"True enough," said Billy. "Stop shaking, youngster. The first time they put the full harness with all its chains on my back I stood on my fore legs and kicked every bit of it off. I hadn't learned the real science of kicking then, but the battery said they had never seen anything like it."

"But this wasn't harness or anything that jingled," said the young mule. "You know I don't mind that now, Billy. It was things like trees, and they fell up and down the lines and bubbled, and my head-rope broke, and I couldn't find my driver, and I couldn't find you, Billy, so I ran off with—with these gentlemen."

"H'm!" said Billy. "As soon as I heard the camels were loose I came away on my own account. When a battery—a screw-gun mule—calls gun-bullocks gentlemen, he must be a great deal shaken up. Who are you fellows on the ground there?"

The gun-bullocks rolled their cuds and answered, both together: "The seventh yoke of the first gun of the Big Gun Battery. We were asleep when the camels came, but when we were trampled on we got up and came away. It is better to lie quiet in the mud than to be disturbed on good bedding. We told your friend here that there was nothing to be afraid of, but he knew so much that he thought otherwise. Wah!" They went on chewing.



"'WELL, I'VE CERTAINLY LEARNED SOMETHING TO-NIGHT,' SAID THE TROOP-HORSE."

"That comes of being afraid," said Billy. "You get laughed at by gun-bullocks. I hope you like it, young 'un."

The young mule's teeth snapped, and I heard him say something about not being afraid of any beefy old bullocks in the world, but the bullocks only clicked their horns together and went on chewing.

"Now don't be angry after you've been afraid. That's the worst kind of cowardice," said the troop-horse. "Anybody can be forgiven for being scared in the night, *I* think, if they see things they don't understand. We've broken out of our pickets again and again, four hundred and fifty of us, just because a new recruit got to telling tales of whip-snakes in Australia till we were scared to death of the loose ends of our head-ropes."

"That's all very well in camp," said Billy. "I'm not above stampeding myself for the fun of the thing when I haven't been out for a day or two; but what do you do on active service?"

"Oh, that's quite another set of new shoes," said the troop-horse. "Dick Cuncliffe's on my back then, and drives his knees into me, and all I have to do is to see where I am putting my feet, and to keep my hind legs well under me, and be bridle-wise."

"What's bridle-wise?" said the young mule.

"By the blue guns of the Back Blacks!" snorted the troop-horse. "Do you mean to say that you aren't taught to be bridle-wise in your business? How can you do anything unless you can spin round at once when the rein is pressed on your neck? It means life or death to your man, and of course that's life and death to you. Get round with your hind legs under you the instant you feel the rein on your neck. If you haven't room to swing round, rear up a little and come round on your hind legs. That's being bridle-wise."

"We aren't taught that way," said Billy the mule, stiffly. "We're taught to obey the man at our head. Step off when he says so, and step in when he says so. I suppose it comes to the same thing. Now, with all this fine fancy business and rearing, which must be very bad for your hocks, what do you do?"

"That depends," said the troop-horse. "Most often I have to go in among a lot of yelling hairy men with knives—long shiny knives, worse than the farmers' knives—and I have to take care that Dick's boot is just touching the next man's boot without crushing it. I can see Dick's lance just to the right of my right eye, and I know I'm safe. I shouldn't care to be the man or horse that stood up to Dick and me when we're in a hurry."

"Don't the knives hurt?" said the young mule.

"Well, I got one cut across the chest once, but that wasn't Dick's fault."

"Lot I should have cared whose fault it was if it hurt," said the young mule.

"You must," said the troop-horse. "If you don't trust your man you may as well run away at once. That's what some of our horses do, and I don't blame them. As I was saying, it wasn't Dick's fault. The man was lying on the ground, and I stretched myself, not to tread on him, and he slashed up at me. Next time I have to go over a man lying down I shall step on him—hard."

"H'm!" said Billy. "It sounds very foolish. Knives are dirty things at any time. The proper thing to do is to climb up a mountain with a well-balanced saddle; hang on by all four feet, and your ears too, and creep and crawl and wriggle along till you come out hundreds of feet above any one else on a ledge where there's just room enough for your fore feet. Then you stand still and keep quiet; never ask a man to hold your head, young 'un; keep quiet while the guns are being put together, and then you watch the little poppy-shells drop down into the tree-tops ever so far below."

"Don't you ever trip?" said the troop-horse.

"They say that when a mule trips you can split a hen's ear," said Billy. "Now and again *per-haps* a badly packed saddle will upset a mule, but it's very seldom. I wish I could show you the business. It's beautiful. Why, it took me three years to find out what the men were driving at. The science of the thing is never to show up against the sky-line, because if you do you may get fired at. Remember that, young 'un. Always keep hidden as much as possible, even if you have to go a mile out of your way. I lead the battery when it comes to that sort of climbing."

"Fired at, without the chance of running into the people who are firing?" said the troop-horse, thinking hard. "I couldn't stand that. I should want to charge, with Dick."

"Oh no, you wouldn't. You know that as soon as the guns are in position *they'll* do all the charging. That's scientific, and neat. But knives—pah!"

The baggage-camel had been bobbing his head to and fro for some time past, anxious to get in a word edgeways. Then I heard him say, as he cleared his throat, nervously, "I—I—I have fought a little, but not in that climbing way or that running way."

"No. Now you mention it," said Billy, "you don't look as though you were made for climbing or running—much. Well, how was it, old Hay bales?"

"The proper way," said the camel. "We all sat down—"

"Oh, my crupper and breastplate!" said the troop-horse, under his breath. "Sat down?"

"We sat down, a hundred of us," the camel went on, "in a big square, and the men piled our kajawahs, our packs and saddles, outside the square, and they fired over our backs, the men did, on all sides of the square."

"What sort of men? Any men that came along?" said the troop-horse. "They teach us in the riding-school to lie down and let our own masters fire across us; but Dick Cuncliffe is the only man I'd trust to do that. It tickles my girths; and besides, I can't see with my head on the ground."

"What does it matter who fires across you?" said the camel. "There are plenty of men and plenty of other camels close by, and a great many clouds of smoke. I am not frightened then. I sit still and wait."

"And yet," said Billy, "you dream bad dreams and upset the camp at night. Well, well! Before I lie down, not to speak of sitting down, and let a man fire across me, my heels and his head would have something to say to each other. Did you ever hear anything so awful as that?"

There was a long silence, and then one of the gun-bullocks

lifted up his big head and said: "This is very foolish indeed. There is only one way of fighting."

"Oh, go on," said Billy. "*Please* don't mind me. I suppose you fellows fight standing on your heads."

"Only one way," said the two together. (I think they must have been twins.) "This is that way. To put all twenty yoke of us to the big gun as soon as Two Tails trumpets." Two Tails is camp slang for the elephant.

"What does Two Tails trumpet for?" said the young mule.

"To show that he is not going any nearer to the smoke on the other side. Two Tails is a great coward. Then we tug the big gun all together—*Heya-hullah! Heeyah! Hullah!* We do not climb like cats nor run like calves. We go across the level plain, twenty yoke of us, till we are unyoked again, and we graze while the big guns talk across the plain to some town with mud walls, and pieces of the wall fall out, and the dust goes up as if cattle were coming home."

"Oh! And you choose that time for grazing?" said the young mule.

"That time or any other. Eating is always good. We eat till we are yoked up again, and tug the gun back to where Two Tails is waiting for it. Sometimes there are big guns in the city that speak back, and some of us are killed, and then there is all the more grazing for those that are left. This is fate—nothing but fate. None the less Two Tails is a great coward. That is the proper way to fight. We are brothers from Hapur. Our father was a sacred bull of Shiva. We have spoken."

"Well, I've certainly learned something to-night," said the troop-horse. "Do you gentlemen of the screw-gun battery feel inclined to eat when you are being fired at with big guns and Two Tails is behind you?"

"About as much as we feel inclined to sit down and let men sprawl all over us, or run into people with knives. I never heard such stuff. A mountain ledge, a well-balanced load, a driver you can trust to let you pick your own way, and I'm your mule; but—the other things—*no!*" said Billy, with a stamp of the foot.

"Of course," said the troop-horse, "every one is not made in the same way, and I can quite see that your family on your father's side would fail to understand a great many things."

"Never you mind my family on my father's side," said Billy, angrily, for every mule hates to be reminded that his father was a donkey. "My father was a Southern gentleman, and he could pull down and bite and kick into rags every horse he came across. Remember that, you big brown Brumby."

Brumby means wild horse without any breeding, and if you imagine the feelings of Sunol if a car-horse called him a bronco, you can imagine how the Australian horse felt. I saw the white of his eye glitter in the dark.

"See here, you son of a Malaga jackass," he said, between his teeth, "I'd have you know that I'm related on my mother's side to *Carbine*, winner of the Melbourne Cup, and where I come from we aren't accustomed to being ridden over rough-shod by any parrot-mouthed, pig-headed mule in a pop-gun pea-shooter battery. Are you ready?"

"On your hind legs!" squealed Billy. They both reared up, facing each other, and I was expecting a furious fight, when a gurgly rumbly voice called out of the darkness to the right: "Children, what are you fighting about there? Be quiet."

Both beasts dropped down with a snort of disgust, for neither horse nor mule can bear to listen to an elephant's voice.

"It's Two Tails," said the troop-horse. "I can't stand him. A tail at each end isn't fair."

"My feelings exactly," said Billy, crowding into the troop-horse for company. "We're very alike in some things."

"I suppose we've inherited them from our mothers," said the troop-horse. "It's not worth quarrelling about. Hi, Two Tails, are you tied up?"

"Yes," said Two Tails, with a laugh all up his trunk. "I'm picketed for the night. I've heard what you fellows have been saying. But don't be afraid. I'm not coming over."

The bullocks and the camel said, half aloud: "Afraid of Two Tails! What nonsense!" And the bullocks went on: "We are sorry that you heard, but it is true. Two Tails, why are you afraid of the guns when they fire?"

"Well," said Two Tails, rubbing one hind leg against the other, exactly like a little boy saying a piece, "I don't quite know whether you'd understand."

"We don't, but we have to pull the guns," said the bullocks.

"I know it, and I know you are a good deal braver than you think you are. But it's different with me. My battery captain called me a pachydermatous anachronism the other day."

"That's another way of fighting, I suppose," said Billy, who was recovering his spirits.

"*You* don't know what that means, of course, but I do. It means betwixt and between, and that is just where I am. I can see inside my head what will happen when a shell bursts, and you bullocks can't."

"I can," said the troop-horse; "at least a little bit. I try not to think about it."

"I can see more than you, and I *do* think about it. I know there's a great deal of me to take care of, and I know that nobody knows how to cure me when I'm sick. All they can do is to stop my driver's pay till I get well, and I can't trust my driver."

"Ah," said the troop-horse, "that explains it! I can trust Dick."

"You could put a whole regiment of Dicks on my back without making me feel any better. I know just enough to be uncomfortable and not enough to go on in spite of it."

"We do not understand," said the bullocks.

"I know you don't. I'm not talking to you. You don't know what blood is."

"We do," said the bullocks. "It is red stuff that soaks into the ground and smells bad."

The troop-horse gave a kick and a bound and a snort. "Don't talk of it," he said. "I can smell it now just thinking of it. It makes me want to run when I haven't Dick on my back."

"But it is not here," said the camel and the bullocks. "Why are you so silly?"

"It's vile stuff," said Billy. "I don't want to run, but I don't want to talk about it."

"There you are," said Two Tails, waving his tail to explain.

"Surely. Yes, we have been here all night," said the bullocks.

Two Tails stamped his foot till the iron ring on it jingled. "Oh, I'm not talking to you. You can't see inside your heads."

"No. We see out of our two eyes," said the bullocks. "We see straight in front of us."

"If I could do that and nothing else, you wouldn't be needed to pull the big guns at all. If I was like my captain—he can see things inside his head before the firing begins, and he shakes all over, but he knows too much to run away—if I was like him I could pull the guns. But if I were as wise as all that I should never be here. I should be a king in the forest, as I used to be, sleeping half the day and bathing when I liked. I haven't had a good bath for a month."

"That's all very fine," said Billy, "but giving a thing a long name doesn't make it any better."

"Hsh!" said the troop-horse. "I think I understand what Two Tails means."

"You'll understand better in a minute," said Two Tails, angrily. "Now you just explain to me why you don't like this." He began trumpeting furiously at the top of his trumpet.

"Stop that!" said Billy and the troop-horse together, and I could hear them stamp and shiver. An elephant's trumpeting is always nasty, especially on a dark night.

"I sha'n't stop," said Two Tails. "Won't you explain that, please? Hhrrmph! Rrrt! Rrrmph! Rrrhha!" Then he stopped suddenly, and I heard a little whimper in the dark, and I knew that Vixen had found me at last. She knew as well as I did that if there is one thing in the world that the elephant is more afraid of than another, it is a little barking dog, so she stopped to bully Two Tails in his pickets and yapped round his big feet. Two Tails shuffled and squeaked. "Go away, little dog," he said. "Don't snuff at my ankles or I'll kick at you. Good little dog, nice little doggie, then! Go home, you yelping little beast. Oh, why doesn't some one take her away? She'll bite me in a minute."

"Seems to me," said Billy to the troop-horse, "that our friend Two Tails is afraid of most things. Now, if I had a full meal for every dog I've kicked across the parade-ground, I should be as fat as Two Tails."

I whistled, and Vixen ran up to me, muddy all over, and licked my nose, and told me a long tale about hunting for me all through the camp. I never let her know that I understood beast talk, or she would have taken all sorts of liberties. So I buttoned her into the breast of my overcoat, and Two Tails shuffled and stamped and growled to himself.

"Extraordinary! Most extraordinary!" he said. "It runs in the family. Now where has that little beast gone to?" I heard him feeling about with his trunk.

"We all seem to be affected in various ways," he went on. "Now you gentlemen were alarmed when I trumpeted."

"Not alarmed, exactly," said the troop-horse, "but it made me feel as though I had hornets where my saddle ought to be. Don't begin again."

"I'm frightened of a little dog, and the camel here is frightened by bad dreams in the night."

"It is very lucky for us that we haven't all got to fight in the same way," said the troop-horse.

"What I want to know," said the young mule, who had been quiet for a long time—"what I want to know is why we have to fight at all."

"Because we're told to," said the troop-horse with a snort of contempt. "Orders," said Billy the mule, and his teeth snapped. "*Hukm hai!*" (It is an order) said the camel with a gurgle; and Two Tails and the bullocks repeated, "*Hukm hai!*"

"Yes, but who gives the orders?" said the recruit mule.

"The man who walks at your head, or sits on your back, or holds the nose-rope, or twists your tail," said Billy and the troop-horse and the camel and the bullocks, one after the other.

"But who gives them the orders?"

"Now you want to know too much, young 'un," said Billy, "and that's one way of getting kicked. All you have to do is to obey the man at your head and ask no questions."

"He's quite right," said Two Tails. "I can't always obey because I'm betwixt and between; but Billy's right. Obey the man next to you who gives the order or you'll stop all the battery, besides getting a thrashing."

The gun-bullocks got up to go. "Morning is coming," they said. "We will go back to our lines. It is true that we only see out of our eyes, and we are not very clever, but still we have been the only people to-night who have not been afraid. Good-night, you brave people."

Nobody answered, and the troop-horse said, to change the conversation: "Where's that little dog? A dog means a man somewhere about."

"Here I am," yapped Vixen. "Under the gun-tail with my man. You big blundering beast of a camel you, you upset our tent. My man's very angry."

"Phew!" said the bullocks. "He must be a white man, then."

"Of course he is," said Vixen. "Do you suppose I'm looked after by a black bullock-driver?"

"Huah! Ouach! Ugh!" said the bullocks. "Let us get away quickly." They plunged forward in the mud, and managed somehow to run their yoke on the pole of an ammunition-wagon, where it jammed.

"Now you *have* done it," said Billy, calmly. "Don't struggle. You're hung up till daylight. What on earth's the matter?"

The bullocks went off into the long hissing snorts that Indian cattle give, and pushed and crowded and slued and stamped and slipped and nearly fell down in the mud. All the time they were grunting savagely.

"You'll break your necks in a minute," said the troop-horse. "What's the matter with white men? I live with 'em."

"They—eat—us! Pull!" said the nigh bullock, and the yoke snapped with a twang, and they lumbered off together.

I never knew before what made Indian cattle so scared of Englishmen. We eat, of course, a thing that no cattle-driver touches, and of course the cattle do not like it.

"May I be flogged with my own saddle-chains! Who'd have thought of two big lumps like those losing their heads?" said Billy.

"Never mind. I'm going to look at this man. Most of the white men I know have things in their pockets," said the troop-horse.

"I'll leave you, then. I can't say I'm over-fond of 'em myself. Besides, white men who haven't a place to sleep in are more than likely to be thieves, and I've a good deal of government property on my back. Come along, young 'un, and we'll go back to our lines. Good-night, Australia. See you on parade to-morrow, I suppose. Good-night, old Hay-bale; try to control your feelings, won't you? Good-night, Two Tails. If you pass us on the ground to-morrow, try not to trumpet. It spoils our formation." Billy the mule stumped off with the swaggering limp of an old campaigner as the troop-horse's head came nuzzling into my breast, and I gave him biscuits, while Vixen, who is a most conceited little dog, told him fibs about the scores of horses that she and I kept. "I'm coming to the parade to-morrow in my dog-cart," she said. "Where will you be?" "On the left hand of the second squadron. I set the time for all my troop, little lady," he said, politely. "Now I must go back to Dick. My tail's all muddy, and he'll have two hours' hard work dressing me for parade."

The big parade of all the thirty thousand men was held that afternoon, and Vixen and I had a good place close to the Viceroy and the Amir of Afghanistan, with his high black hat of Astrakhan wool and the great diamond star in the centre. The first part of the review was all sunshine, and the regiments went by in wave upon wave of legs all moving together and guns all in a line till our eyes grew dizzy. Then the cavalry came by to the beautiful cavalry canter of "Bonnie Dundee," and Vixen cocked her ears where she sat on the dog-cart. The second squadron of the Lancers shot by, and there was the troop-horse with his tail like spun silk, his head pulled in to his breast, one ear forward and one back, setting the time for all his squadron, with his legs going as smoothly as pistons. Then the big guns came by, and I saw Two Tails and two other elephants harnessed in a string to a forty-pounder siege-gun, while twenty yoke of oxen walked behind. The seventh pair had a new yoke, and they looked rather stiff and tired. Last came the screw-guns, and Billy the mule carried himself as though he commanded all the troops, and his harness was oiled and polished till it winked. I gave a cheer all by myself for Billy the mule, but he never looked right or left.

The rain began to fall again, and for a time it was too misty to see what the troops were doing. They had made a big half-circle across the plain and were spreading out into a line. That line grew and grew till it was three-quarters of a mile long from wing to wing—one solid wall of men, horses, and guns. Then it came on straight towards the Viceroy and the Amir, and as it got nearer the ground began to shake like the deck of a steamer when the engines are going fast.

Unless you have been there you cannot imagine what a frightening effect this steady come-down of troops has on the spectators, even when they know it is only a review. I looked at the Amir. Up till then he had not shown the shadow of a sign of astonishment or anything else. But now his eyes began to get bigger and bigger, and he picked up the reins on his horse's neck and looked behind him. For a minute it seemed as though he were going to draw his sword and slash his way out through the English men and women in the carriages who were watching the review. Then the advance stopped dead, the ground stood still, and the whole line saluted, and thirty bands began to play all together. That was the end of the review, and the regiments went off to their camps in the rain, and as the artillery went by, an infantry band struck up with:

"The animals went in two by two,
Hurrah!
The animals went in two by two,
The elephant and the battery mu-
L', and they all got into the ark,
For to get out of the rain!"

Then I heard an old, grizzled, long-haired, central-Asian chief, who had come down with the Amir, asking questions of a native officer.

"Now," said he, "in what manner was this wonderful thing done?"

And the officer answered, "An order was given and they obeyed."

"But are the beasts as wise as the men?" said the chief.

"They obey as the men do. Mule, horse, elephant, or bullock, he obeys his driver, and the driver his sergeant, and the sergeant his lieutenant, and the lieutenant his captain, and the captain his major, and the major his colonel, and the colonel his brigadier commanding three regiments, and the brigadier the general, who obeys the Viceroy, who is the servant of the Empress. Thus it is done."

"Would it were so in Afghanistan!" said the chief. "For there we obey only our own wills."

"And for that reason," said the native officer, twirling his mustache, "your Amir, whom you do not obey, must come here and take orders from our Viceroy."

AD ASTRA PER OTIUM.

As I read over old John Dryden's verse,
The rhymes of men like William Blake, and Gay,
The stuff that helped fill Edmund Waller's purse,
And that which placed on Marvell's brow the bay,

It doth appear to me that in those times
The Muses quaffed not sparkling wine, but grog,
And that to grow immortal through one's rhymes
Was 'bout as hard as falling off a log.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE BOOK-KEEPER TAKES A DAY OFF.

HON. GALUSHA A. GROW,
Congressman at Large from Pennsylvania.—[See Page 211.]

HON. EDWARD D. WHITE,
Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.—From a Photograph by Bell.

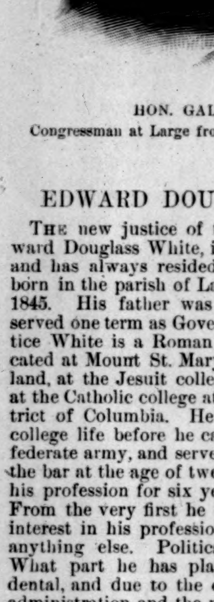
GEORGE T. WERTS,
Governor of New Jersey.—[See Page 198.]

EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE.

THE new justice of the Supreme Court, Edward Douglass White, is a native of Louisiana, and has always resided in the State. He was born in the parish of La Fourche in November, 1845. His father was a man of wealth, and served one term as Governor of Louisiana. Justice White is a Roman Catholic, and was educated at Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Maryland, at the Jesuit college at New Orleans, and at the Catholic college at Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. He was through with his school and college life before he came of age, for he entered the Confederate army, and served in the war. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-three, in 1868. After pursuing his profession for six years he was elected a State Senator. From the very first he took high rank at the bar, and his interest in his profession has always been greater than in anything else. Politics has been simply an avocation. What part he has played in public life has been incidental, and due to the close relation existing between the administration and the making of law. In 1878 Mr. White was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. He did not again take an active part in politics until he was elected to the Senate on the expiration of the term of the Hon. James B. Eustis, who is now our ambassador to France. Mr. White's term in the Senate began on March 4, 1891, and will expire March 3, 1897. While he was a member of the Senate Mr. White distinguished himself on two occasions. His argument against the constitutionality of the anti-option law was said by the lawyers of the body to be the ablest that was presented on that subject. It is still remembered and spoken of as an evidence of the extensive learning and large ability of the new justice. When his name was under discussion in the executive session at which he was confirmed the Senators who spoke eulogized his professional capacity and personal character with an emphasis that denoted the high esteem which he has gained in his service in the Senate of less than three years. Last fall, during the struggle for the repeal of the Sherman act, Mr. White was regarded by Mr. Cleveland as one of his strongest and most trustworthy supports. It was evident then from the respect paid to his opinions, and the desire expressed not only by members of the administration, but by his fellow-Senators, that Mr. White would come to the front, that he was destined, if he had remained a member of the body, to become one of the leaders, perhaps the leader, on the Democratic side of the chamber. Mr. White's appointment, which was a great surprise to him as well as to the country, was made on Monday, February 19th. On the same day, before adjournment, the Senate confirmed him, the vote being unanimous. Justice White's views on constitutional questions are indicated in his speech against the anti-option law, and his opinions on financial questions by the part he took in behalf of the repeal of the Sherman act.

CANADIAN WINTER UNIFORMS.

BY E. W. MORRISON—ILLUSTRATED BY A. H. H. HEMING.



TRUMPETER—MOUNTED RIFLES.

THE military authorities of countries such as Canada and Russia have a serious difficulty to contend with in providing winter uniforms that will protect the troops against a climate of almost arctic severity, and yet not materially impede the movements of the wearers. In the Dominion of Canada the comparatively small force of regular troops at the disposal of the government is distributed over a very large territory, in some parts of which the temperature is habitually below zero for weeks and months at a time, while in other sections the winters are comparatively mild. In the garrisons located in the more temperate portions of the country the regulation winter uniform of the British army is worn, but in the Northwest and in some of the provinces fur coats, gauntlets, and moccasins form portions of the equipment; wooden stirrups protect the feet of the cavalry in place of the steel stirrups of the regulation saddles, and everything is provided with a view to affording the greatest possible comfort and the least impediment to freedom of movement. In Winnipeg and many of the Mounted Police posts of the Saskatchewan district the cold is intense at times, the thermometer ranging as low as forty or fifty degrees below zero. In Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, British Columbia, and the country east of the Rocky Mountains, which gets the benefit of the warm "chinook" winds, the climate is quite mild in comparison. Consequently the authorities have to sanction the issue of fur clothing in some districts, and a less heavy winter uniform in the more temperate portions of the Dominion.

The military force of Canada is composed of 1000 Mounted Police, 1000 regular troops, and about 33,000 active militia. Previous to the confederation of the provinces in 1867 the military affairs of the country were in the hands of the British government, which maintained garrisons in the eastern provinces, and controlled the volunteer organizations then in existence. After confederation the imperial troops were gradually withdrawn, with the exception of a garrison at Halifax and the naval establishments there and at Esquimalt, on the Pacific coast.

By the British North America Act, which is virtually the constitution of Canada, a department of militia and defence was established. In 1873 the nucleus of the Mounted Police force was formed for the protection of the territories of the Northwest, and has since been increased from 300 to 1000 men. Though not under the control of the militia department, this splendid corps of troopers has done for the western plains of Canada the work that the United States cavalry have done on the frontier further south. The untutored savage has acquired a healthy respect for the Police, but one of the most hazardous experiences that the riders of the plains have often to undergo is being caught in the terrible blizzards that sweep over the prairies during the winter months. The patrolman overtaken by such a storm has need of all his courage and skill to find his way back to the post. The weather, however, makes no difference in the duties of these hardy troopers, and their constant vigilance has been the price of the safety of the settlers.

In 1873 the Kingston and Quebec artillery schools were founded, and in 1875 the Royal Military College was established at the former city. This latter is the West Point of Canada.

About 1883 a permanent corps of infantry was formed, and infantry schools for the training of the volunteer officers and non-commissioned officers have since been estab-

MOUNTED POLICE OF THE NORTHWEST WITH AN INDIAN PRISONER.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER—ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS.

OFFICER—INFANTRY.

OFFICER—FIELD-ARTILLERY.

lished at Fredericton, New Brunswick, St. Johns, Quebec, Toronto, and London. Cavalry schools have also been established in Toronto and Winnipeg for the training of the volunteer officers and non-coms. in that branch of the service. At each of these schools a troop, battery, or company of the regular forces is stationed, and these act as models for the militia in the district in which they are posted. Every militia officer is compelled to take a short course of instruction at the nearest military school before his rank is confirmed. The regular Canadian troops compare favorably in drill, physique, and equipment with the best regiments in the imperial service. The strength of the permanent force at present, exclusive of the Mounted Police, which is nominally a civil body, is: cavalry, 158; artillery, 426; infantry, 428. The active militia consists of over 33,000 men, divided as follows: engineers, 90; cavalry, 2038; artillery, 3100; infantry, 28,619.

The whole force is under the command of Major-General Ivor Herbert, and the country is divided into twelve military districts, each in charge of a deputy adjutant-general, for administrative purposes. The regular forces are armed with the Martini-Henry rifle, but the militia has still nothing more effective than the old Snider "gas-pipes." The former also wear the valise equipment, but the volunteers have the old back-breaking knapsack.

The only occasion on which the Canadian forces have had an opportunity to distinguish themselves, since their organization upon the present basis, was during the Northwest rebellion of 1885. That little war cost the Canadian government $5,000,000, but it was probably worth all it cost in the long-run. The uprising of the Metis took place in March of that year, when the weather was very severe, and long stretches of bleak and uninhabited wilderness lay between the available troops and the scene of operations. The Canadian Pacific Railway was only partially completed, and a break several hundred miles in width occurred just north of Lake Superior. Across this the troops from Ontario and the eastern provinces had to march, with the temperature below zero. Further on, at Q'Appelle, they were forced again to leave the railway and foot it northward to the Saskatchewan. It was, in its earlier weeks, a winter campaign calculated to try the stamina of the hardiest troops, and the Canadian soldiers were not nearly as well equipped for it as they have been since. But they proved equal to the emergency. Within thirty-six hours after the news of the Duck Lake fight and the burning of Fort Carlton was received troops were equipped and on their way to cross the terrible "gap" that intervened between the eastern and western sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Part of the march lay through dense woods with the snow four feet deep, while at other times the troops took to the blizzard-swept ice of Lake Superior. But they tramped along as if it was all in the day's work, and not a man dropped out of the ranks. And the only grumbling that was heard was from the corps that couldn't get to the front. Twelve battalions of infantry, half a dozen batteries of artillery, and several troops of cavalry and scouts were ordered out for active service, but the government could have had as many more at twenty-four hours' notice for the asking. The prompt action of the government, and the alacrity with which the volunteer corps of Canada responded to the call to arms, enabled them to crush out the rebellion by the end of May, and prevented a general Indian uprising.

In the Northwest campaign the troops learned much valuable experience in winter manœuvres. During the first month of the rebellion the movements of the troops were impeded by snow, especially the artillery, which had great difficulty in floundering through the drifts in the Touchwood Hills country even with six-horse teams. One of the most valuable results of these experiences was the invention of the gun-sled shown in one of our illustrations. Instead of resting on wheels, the gun and limber are placed on heavy bobs, the space between the runners being covered with sheet-iron turned up in front like a toboggan. This latter device prevents the sled from sinking into the snow by presenting a flat, tobogganlike surface which glides along easily. A battery can be changed from wheels to runners in a few minutes. No change of drill is required, and the equipment remains the same. It is said to be the most serviceable device for the equipment of artillery in winter that has yet been discovered.

ADET—ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.

FIELD-ARTILLERY WITH SLEDGE-GUN.

PRIVATE—INFANTRY.

From a Photograph by Kurtz.

JOSEPH KEPPLER.

JOSEPH KEPPLER, of *Puck*, is dead, but the school of political cartooning which he founded, and of which he was the most distinguished exponent, lives and vivifies every successful satirical political illustrated paper in America today.

His early career was as remarkable as was his later success, which it yet largely serves to explain.

He was born in Vienna in 1838, and soon developed a taste for art, which first took form in the arrangement of the decorations for the productions of his father, a confectioner, and later, at the age of sixteen, led him to become a strolling player. But pictorial art proved to have still stronger attractions for him, and he left his friends the actors to make his way on foot and alone to Italy. Twice he tried to reach the land of his dreams, but without means and without success, and in 1856 he settled down to the serious study of his chosen profession at the Académie des Beaux-Arts of Vienna.

He still clung to his first love, the stage, however, which furnished him the means of prosecuting his art studies, even after his coming to America in 1868. His first years here were spent in the West, and in St. Louis he started an illustrated weekly, *Die Vehme*, which, after an ephemeral existence, was followed by a short-lived *Puck*. Coming to New York in 1872, he worked for some time for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, and in 1877 started, in connection with Adolph Schwarzmann, a new *Puck*, which appeared first in a German edition, but was shortly followed by the American *Puck*, which has made his name world-famous and established a new school of satirical art. Keppler's school, like Keppler, was German in its origin, but, like Keppler, it is American by adoption and assimilation. It combines with the picture parable of the Anglo-Saxon school the caricature of the French, but a caricature which seeks rather to develop the characters of the actors than merely to exaggerate their physical peculiarities. To Keppler's stage training is doubtless due his sense of composition and grouping, and the ability to suggest action which so strongly marks his work. Keppler threw himself into his work with a tireless enthusiasm that showed in everything he undertook, until his robust constitution began to give way beneath the strain. A man of wealth, the head of a concern that went like clock-work, he could easily have favored himself in many ways; but when it was decided that his paper should have a working exhibit at the World's Fair, he felt his place was there. It is only too likely that the effort to work and to think in that unspeakably restless and confusing atmosphere overtaxed his strength and brought on the nervous trouble, developing into a disease of the spine, from which he died February 19, 1894, at his home, No. 27 East Seventy-ninth Street, New York.

He wielded a powerful influence with his pencil, and exposed many a sham. And while not every one may agree with his judgments or with his point of view, no one who knew him will ever believe that he was not absolutely sincere. Did he prove to be on the winning side of a controversy he was glad, but was his the losing side, he was simply sorry; it did not alter his opinion, and his opinion was always expressed by his pencil. His nature was bright and joyous, and he made many friends even among his political enemies, for he was never malicious. He leaves a widow, a son, and two daughters. H. G. PAINE.

TROOP A ATHLETICS.

TROOP A was first evidenced to New-Yorkers some years ago at a horse show by a lot of young men in quaint uniforms, mounted on some curious horses, and wearing a pained and uncertain expression. The other night I looked on at their tournament, and now let us—O New-Yorkers! let us blow a little; let us trumpet. It is said by the enemy to be an American trick, but it amuses us, and it can do no one any harm. Join with me when I say that Troop A is the finest troop on this crust; and if you doubt, before you howl your triumph run up to Dickel's and be convinced; and I say, where there is a better one—"standing in the shade of Brutus the Elder—I don't know."

Were not Captain Roe already immortal by reason of his courier ride of one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-two hours and a half, this his latest creation would make him so. But I fear I am not going to argue for my broad assertion very properly, since I find the condition of my mind like that of the jury which tried Tennessee's Partner—"there being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist." So I am simply going to assume that Troop A is the best in the world, and assure all doubters of my distinguished consideration, and "be blowed to them."

Of course up at West Point they naturally receive a great many natural cavalrymen, some of whom are not ruined by being made engineer soldiers. There are those wonderful Kuban Cossacks, but they are irregulars, as are our Indian scout corps out West, who are now being made regulars, to the utter confusion of their usefulness. If the British Military Tournament is a sample of what the British can do, they are "not in it" with Troop A. And as for the big divisions of Continental Europe, it's rather an unfair comparison, since Troop A is rather an officer's cavalry school than a bunch of peasants in glittering raiment.

This annual tournament, held in their armory, is becoming year by year a New York event which in time will rank with the Horse Show and the Thanksgiving game. I only wish it could be made a full regiment instead of a troop, for it may be much needed in time by this State. Thirty days will make a fair dough-boy out of an American, but it takes three years to construct a "yellow-leg," and that, too, out of natural material. Many nations, because of their characteristics, can never have good cavalry, and Lord Wolseley has been good enough to tell us that we are one of that kind, so we must brush up. Poor old dragoons! all that is left of the romance of war is with you, with a little glory left for the light batteries. Krag-Jörgensens have made rifle-pits and stone walls more useful than ever to the infantry, while artillery outreaches the field-glass in its zone of danger, but it's whole hog or nothing with the cavalry, just as it used to be. A fine seat, a swift sabre, and be cut into ribbons, and lie under a bush—that has always been cavalry, and it's just as bad a service for one who wants to live forever as it ever was. That's why we should be proud of Troop A, and wish it a regiment, because it's so thoroughly good.

In these games the troopers ride like fiends, and are flung around in a way which would damage a piece of rubber hose. They pound each other lustily with their broadswords, and pick up potatoes from the ground while riding sixteen-hand horses. They chase each other to get a piece of ribbon tied on the arm of one; they grab each other and fall off their horses, and continue to maul each other in the tan bark. They mount double at a gallop, and cut heads while taking a hurdle bareback, and end up the evening by a general mêlée which is a merry slugging match, and as productive of black-and-blue spots as the "flying wedge."

Let us be proud of Troop A and nurse its squadrons, and some day it may have for us a Ziethen, a Seidlitz, a Murat, a Custer, or a Sheridan when we need one; for this easy-going fool's paradise may develop a political sore which can only be cut out with a sabre. And speaking of sabres, the one now in use by our army should be carefully laid away in an artillery museum with the other antiques, and alongside of it should go the gas-pipe with which our "dough-boys" are armed; and right next to that should be put that ridiculous little ladies' card-case called a cartridge-box, all duly labelled for posterity to wonder at, as they will at culverins, snickersnees, Tower-muskets, bone chargers, and lineal promotion. FREDERIC REMINGTON.

FOUR "SKY-SCRAPERS."

As has frequently been observed, Americans cannot look back to a storied past; but we may look forward with confidence to a many-storied future. It is strange to reflect that while the elevator has revolutionized our commercial and in large part our domestic architecture, and modified immeasurably the conditions of business and of life in great American towns, the earliest of American elevator buildings is as yet scarcely twenty years of age. A very modest tentative it was, compared with the structures that now on every hand tower above it, and that every year attain dizzier heights. While New York is the birthplace of the elevator office building, Chicago has been, until lately, the city in which it has attained its extreme development. Not that the elevator buildings of Chicago are comparable with those of New York in number, for they are not. But it is in Chicago that the greatest altitude was until lately attained.

The new buildings, executed or projected, which are illustrated on page 200, approach the altitude of the loftiest of the Chicago buildings: whether they quite equal or somewhat surpass it is an irrelevant and rather childish inquiry into which we need not enter. One of them, the building of the Manhattan Life-insurance Company, is officially declared to be higher than Trinity spire, which has for nearly half a century maintained, with its 284 feet from street to finial, its eminence as the tallest erection on Manhattan Island. The height in this case, however, as will be seen, is eked out and made up by a tall culminating feature that rises far above the building proper. On the other hand, the new building of the American Surety Company, which exists thus far only on paper, is to be of twenty full stories, and carries its area undiminished to the summit, making a parallelopiped of some eighty-five feet square by nearly three hundred high, or a mass that will rear itself almost to the height of the spire, which it very nearly confronts.

It is interesting to remark that architecturally our successful office buildings have so much in common that we have already come near to establishing in our novel conditions an architectural type. Many of them are mere fronts, and the sides are left sheer cliffs of blank brick, which the beholder is expected as much as possible to ignore. In these cases the architectural treatment is confined to a study of one elevation. But this elevation is apt to show variations upon an accepted motive. The sides are kept as broad and as solid as is practically permissible, and the centre is treated with as much of openness and lightness as is practically possible. Virtually it has come to be agreed, after a course of experimentation in which all the architects of elevator buildings have had their share, that there must be a simple and emphatic threefold division into a basement, a superstructure, and a crowning member. These members may, and, indeed, must, be subdivided, but the subdivision must not be permitted to confuse the main division. Of the three principal divisions the central must be the chief, and in this the designer must not be afraid of monotony. Very grievous results have been found to follow when he undertakes to vary the treatment of the separate stories included in this central mass.

The building of the Home Life-insurance Company is a decorous and successful demonstration of what has been arrived at and agreed upon in the treatment of elevator architecture. A basement of three stories, of which the second is much the tallest, supports a superstructure of eleven, of which the lowest is treated as a transitional member between the central mass and the basement, and the uppermost, a colonnaded loggia with the wall sharply recessed, as a transitional member between the centre and the upper story, which is a roof-story, and with the steep hooded tower and its bold dormer completes the front. The flanking piers are kept throughout as unbroken as possible. A light moulding alone crosses them at each story, and each is pierced in each story with a single plain opening. The design, carried out with tasteful and scholarly detail, enriched where it can be well seen, as at the base, and where it serves to lighten the mass, as at the top, is extremely effective, and is worthy of the conspicuousness which it enjoys by having the City Hall Park for its foreground. That the study which it has evidently received has been almost exclusively confined to its effect in elevation is shown, however, by the effect in actual execution of the high-peaked tower that extends over a small part of its area, which in the drawing crowns the edifice very appropriately, but from many points of view appears as an extraneous excrescence upon the actual building.

The tower adds, however, to the effective height of the building, at least when one confronts it, and to it is largely due the effect the building has of dwarfing by comparison its neighbor, the Postal Telegraph Building, almost to the humble dimensions of a common ten-story edifice. In this structure the re-enforcing effect of the flanking piers is emphasized by recessing the curtain wall between them. The features of the building are the effect of a shallow loggia at the summit, that is obtained by the withdrawal of the wall, and the interposition of columns to carry the roof, and the huge flat arch that signalizes at once the main entrance and the termination of the architectural basement. A flat arch of such a span is quite certain to arrest attention—even the attention that is already jaded by "features" in our street architecture. Upon the whole, it repays, as an ingenious and massive entrance, the attention it compels, though it would repay this even better if the abutments were more evidently sufficient, and if more successful pains had been taken to prevent the optical illusion caused partly by the curve of the hemicycle behind it, and partly by the protruding and decorated key-stone at the centre, that the soffit, instead of being horizontal, is lowest at the centre.

The front of the Manhattan Life is less successful than that of the Home Life in giving the sense of unity and sequence. The triple division has here been abandoned for a quadruple division, by which the superstructure is separated into two nearly equal parts, of five stories each, which differ in treatment; while the continuity of the flanking piers is interrupted, and the effect of them as forming the front is compromised by the doubling of their openings in the upper of the two central divisions. The crowning tower is so withdrawn as to be effective only in a distant view. Indeed, the top of a building in lower Broadway, at a height that renders it visible only at an angle of 70° even from the opposite sidewalk, is to the beholder, if not to the designer, a negligible quantity. On the other hand, the designers deserve credit for the careful and successful consideration which they have given to the side wall of their building, which, as aforesaid, the spectator is commonly expected kindly to ignore even when it is, as it is here, even more widely conspicuous than the front. The architecture here turns the corner, and an architectural form has been given to the flanking wall, so that from any point of view the building appears as a design, and not as a mere mass of building material.

The building of the American Surety Company in several respects carries further than it has been carried here before the type which, as we have already pointed out, has imposed itself upon the architects of our elevator buildings. The requirement, that multiples of stories shall be used, like single stories in a low building, as integral parts of a whole, and that there shall be three main divisions, of which the

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE BURNING OF THE COLONNADE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 211.]

central shall be the tallest and the plainest, have here issued in a design that bears a close analogy, whether or not it was intended by the designer, to a classic column. There is a base, a shaft, and a capital. The plinth of the base, to pursue the analogy, is of two stories, while two more correspond to its mouldings. The shaft is a series of ten stories, absolutely identical in treatment, the openings of the utmost simplicity, and crossed at each story by bands. Above this the enrichment and efflorescence of the treatment suggest the capital, with a bold and spreading cornice, that is the more essential to the effect of the building because it has no visible roof. The classic analogy is heightened by the classic detail. The lowest two stories, on the principal front, are signalized by an Ionic colonnade; and the "bell" of the capital is occupied by another colonnade, also of two stories. It will not be disputed that the architect has arrived at one of the most interesting and ingenious of all the solutions presented to the problems offered by an elevator building, that his design offers variety in unity, and enrichment that does not impair the simplicity and massiveness which belong to an edifice so conspicuous at once and so strictly utilitarian as a twenty-story office building.

FIRE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

What looks as if it had been the work of an incendiary came near destroying a portion of the fair buildings at Chicago last week. The colonnade between Agricultural Building and Machinery Hall was found to be on fire. Visitors to the fair remember the imposing row of columns back of the Egyptian obelisk. The colonnade was on fire when the alarm was given. The flames were spreading, and at one time the main building was in serious danger. As it was, the heat was sufficient to bring down many tons of the building material. A general alarm having been sent out, at last the fire was placed under control, but not before many of the arched passageways had been pulled down so as to cut off the fire. The efforts of the firemen were then mainly directed towards preventing the flames reaching the main buildings at either end of the colonnade. As the buildings have to be removed, the actual loss sustained is but small, but the danger was at times imminent, as the adjacent property might have been seriously damaged. The presence of snow in a measure prevented the spreading of the fire, though very much impeding the movement of the Chicago fire department.

GALUSHA A. GROW.

It is worth while staying out of Congress for a generation in order to be returned to it by 180,000 majority. That is the experience which has just been accorded to Galusha A. Grow, Speaker of the House of Representatives during Lincoln's first years in the Presidency, and now Congressman at large from the State of Pennsylvania, which first sent him to Washington as David Wilmot's successor in 1851. Yet Mr. Grow is but just past seventy; he was born in August, 1823. He was barely twenty-eight years of age when first elected to Congress, and was Speaker before he was forty. He was then, as now, for he shows few signs of age, a man of towering stature, and of something of the Roman Senatorial cast of countenance. He lived up to his looks, too, and was one of the small band of Northern Republican Congressmen who were always ready to take up the gage to physical battle that their hot-blooded Southern colleagues were in those days fond of throwing down.

The encounter between Congressman Grow (arising from the application of the epithet "black Republican puppy"), Keith of South Carolina, and Barksdale of Mississippi has been celebrated in mock-heroic verse in the pages of *Punch*. Therein it was set forth that an iron spittoon was brandished by one of the belligerents, and Congressman Barksdale's wig torn from his head. When the Irish and Conservative members came to blows in the House of Commons last year a New York afternoon paper with an uncomfortable memory took a wicked delight in reprinting the verses for the benefit of its English constituency, which in this particular journal's case is said to be large. The incident seems at the best absurd now; but then, when Brooks had not long before made his assault on Charles Sumner in the Senate, and there seemed on the part of many Southern members a disposition to make a political implement of personal terrorism, Mr. Grow's readiness to accept the arbitrament of fisticuffs did him no harm with his party. Perhaps it helped him on his way to the Speakership, which he attained in the House elected with Lincoln in 1860. It should be said, in fairness, that the incident was more characteristic of the time than of the man. Mr. Grow was always anything but a brawler, and is to-day as fine an exponent of the fine old-fashioned school of stately manners as may be found in the country.

The great measure with which Mr. Grow's name will be linked in history is the Homestead Act, passed May 20, 1862, owing largely to his efforts as member and Speaker. By it the public domain of the United States was thrown open to actual settlers in sections of 160 acres for the payment of a fee of $5 to $10, and the title to such land confirmed in the occupants by a five-year residence. It may be said that this law contributed as much to the settlement of the trans-Mississippi States as the application of steam to transportation. It has made in the generation of its existence 3,000,000 homes, the best guarantee of the prosperity and perpetuity of a State.

The new Congressman at large has not vegetated during his retirement. Though actively and successfully engaged in business, he "took the stump" in every campaign for his party. He was a candidate for the United States Senatorship in the long and memorable anti-Cameron fight of 1881, which resulted in the compromise selection of Senator Mitchell.

When Mr. Grow goes to Washington he will find as the sole survivor of the first Congress in which he sat that equally virile, not to say peppery, young oldster Senator Harris, of Tennessee. Representative Holman, of Indiana, and General Sickles, of this city, will welcome him back as a colleague in the other *ante bellum* Houses in which the three served. Another comrade of that time he will find, long since promoted to the Senate and the leadership of his party there. This is John Sherman.

A. E. Watrous.

WHAT A SHAKING

A poor fellow gets when chills and fever seizes him in its tenacious clutch! Why don't every one protect himself against it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great anti-periodic? That specific uproots every trace of malaria from the system. It is equally efficacious, too, for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, and nervous trouble. —[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES,

don't cling to the imperfect things. Do you use cereal foods on your breakfast-table? Then you need cream. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is decidedly superior in richness and flavor to ordinary milk or cream.—[*Adv.*]

Superior to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores. —[*Adv.*]

A COLD, COUGH, OR SORE THROAT,

which might be cured by a simple remedy like Brown's Bronchial Troches, if neglected, may result in a chronic Throat Trouble. For Consumptive Coughs the Troches are beneficial.—[*Adv.*]

When the blood is pure, the bowels in good order, and the liver active, it is a pleasure to live, and these blessings can be secured by using Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.—[*Adv.*]

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA

is a valuable substitute for tea or coffee. It nourishes while they only stimulate. A superior drink for women. —[*Adv.*]

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters are the most efficacious stimulant for the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25 cents a box.—[*Adv.*]

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IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

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This is a fact with regard to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. The difference between the oil, in its plain state, is very apparent. In

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you detect no fish-oil taste. As it is a help to digestion there is *no after effect except good effect*. Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion is the best promoter of flesh and strength known to science.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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Taffetas Chine, Barre, Plisse, Fancy Moire Antique Striped and Checked Taffetas, Peau de Soie, Fleur de Suede, Colored Satins, Moire Miroir, Moire Antique, Moire Francais. White Satin, White Velours, White Moire Antique, White Moire Miroir, FOR WEDDING GOWNS.

Special Novelties for Bridesmaids' Dresses.

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COLORED VELVETS.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President

For the year ending December 31, 1893

Income

Received for Premiums	$33,594,337 98
From all other sources	8,358,807 70
	$41,953,145 68

Disbursements

To Policy-holders	$20,885,472 40
For all other accounts	9,484,567 47
	$30,370,039 87

Assets

United States Bonds and other Securities	$72,936,322 41
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	70,729,938 93
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	7,497,200 00
Real Estate	18,089,918 69
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	10,844,691 72
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,609,608 39
	$186,707,680 14
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities	168,755,071 23
Surplus	$17,952,608 91
Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed	$708,692,552 40

Note—Insurance merely written is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct.

Charles A. Preller, Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY

S. Rae & Co.

LEGHORN, ITALY. Established 1836.

Exact Size. *Perfecto.*

HIGHEST AWARD

at World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. JACOB STAHL, Jr. & CO., Makers, 168th st. and 3d ave., New York. Send $1.00 for sample box of 10 cigars.

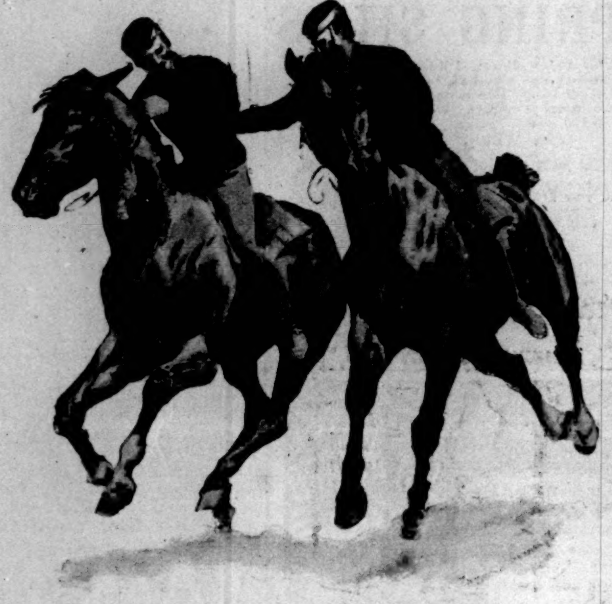
Agents Wanted—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

NEW PLAYS — READINGS, RECITATIONS, CATALOGUES FREE!!! DE WITT, ROSE ST., N. Y.

Wine of the Aristocracy.—Veuve Theophile Roederer & Co.'s celebrated Red Label Champagne, extra dry and Brut, Maison fondee en 1864, preferred by connoisseurs for thirty years. T. W. Stemmler & Co., Union Sq., N. Y., Sole Agts.

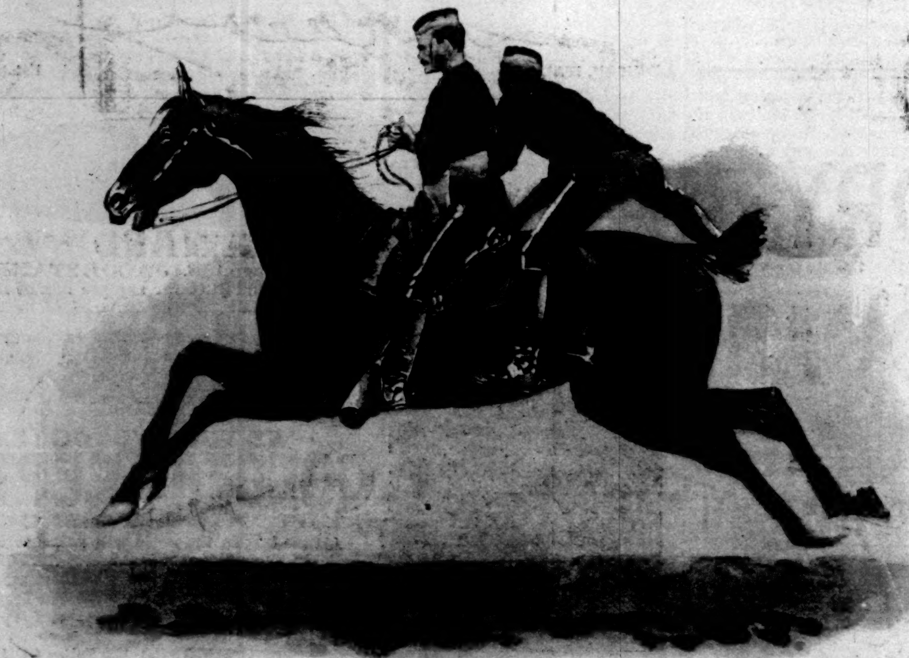
A NOTE.

THE MÊLÉE.



CHASING THE RIBBON.

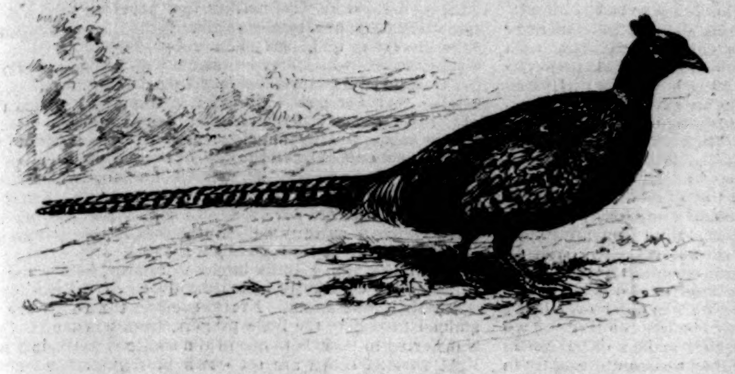
POTATO RACE.



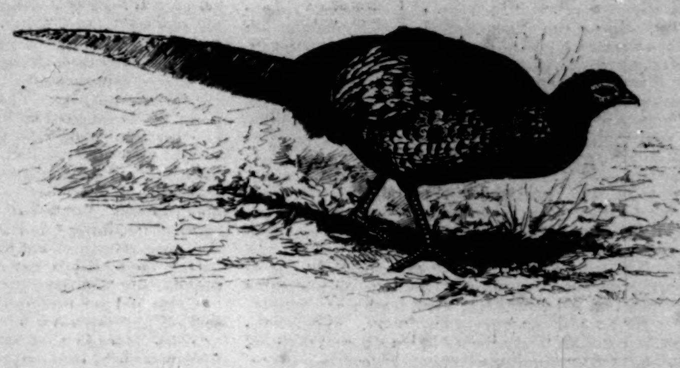
MOUNTING DOUBLE.

AN OFFICER.

THE ANNUAL GAMES OF TROOP "A," N.G., S.N.Y., ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 210.]



MONGOLIAN PHEASANT.



COMMON PHEASANT.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney has sailed for London in the interest of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *with a view to making a careful study of Amateur Sport in England. Mr. Whitney will soon begin to contribute his articles from abroad, and in the mean time this department will be supplied by prominent authorities on special subjects connected with amateur sport.*

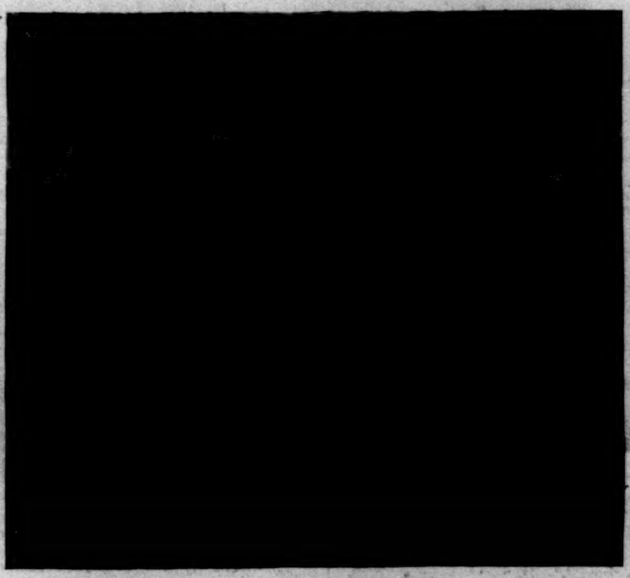
PHEASANT-BREEDING IN THE UNITED STATES.

AMERICAN sportsmen are facing the problem of perpetuating the naturally abundant game-bird supply of the United States, and hardly too much importance can be attached to the solution. During the past ten years great progress has been made in the manufacture of breech-loading shot-guns, and ammunition for them has likewise been vastly improved, and rendered more effective. With these advances in the construction of weapons has come an increase in the number of those who use them, and while many of the older shooters, as well as recruits to the ranks, have been driven to the clay-pigeon traps, still the extent of field shooting has been of steady growth; and as game becomes harder and harder to find each year, those who continue to hunt naturally redouble their efforts to get a good bag. Consequently the bird of to-day meets a better-armed and more indefatigable gunner than he did a decade ago.

If any credit is to be given to the reports seen in the publications devoted to the interests of game, it cannot be far in the future when the whistle of "Bob White" will be heard no more over the wheat fields, the quacking of duck and the honking of goose cease to resound along the banks of streams and lakes, and the drumming of grouse be as rare a noise in the hills as the sharp cry of woodcock and snipe from the marshes. It looks as if all are steadily going the disastrous way of the buffalo, and no confident assurances from thinly settled districts where they are still plentiful can stifle the demand for a remedy.

Various causes are assigned for the rapid depletion in the once countless numbers of our field game. The conditions are generally considered, however, to be due to two facts: primarily, that existing laws for their protection are not enforced stringently, and, next, that we have no woodland small game to divert attention from the others. Laws are obviously of no use if their provisions are not complied with, and while many gunners of the class entitled to call themselves "sportsmen," in the strict meaning of the term, undoubtedly obey them literally, it is oftentimes with the reflection that their abstinence only helps the "pot-hunter" to fill his orders. So it may not be improperly concluded from these premises that the remedy lies in the hands of the authorities; and this secured, it may be assumed that the cure would be the selection of a new game-bird to help those we have now in the work of renewing our supply in field and forest.

The introduction of pheasants to the preserves and farms of this country has been found to be a success. Preserves are put first, because there seems to be a general movement on the part of those who own land to enjoy its privileges with their friends, rather than to leave the game there at the mercy of outsiders. Almost every shooting man, even if he holds no land in his own name, has friends who do, and restrictions in matters of this kind bring about benefits to all concerned. There is an abundance of cover in almost every State in the Union for pheasants, and no probability that the demands of growing crops will infringe upon it. With other game protected as it should be—and this can be done by the convocation of an inter-State game convention, if the shooters will attend it and work towards the object so much talked of—the new-comers would only need to be held sacred three or four years before they would become numerous enough to stand shooting. They do not become domesticated by any amount of confinement, much less by the captivity incidental to stocking a preserve. When set free in the woods they are as wary as if reared there, and though a shining mark in flight, it requires a keen eye and good gun to bring them down. Those who have heard that they are no better game than barn-yard fowls will find the mistake in this sneering innuendo if they have the good luck to be invited for a day's sport in some preserve where pheasants are securely intrenched, or can take a trip to the wilds of Oregon, where they are already firmly established.



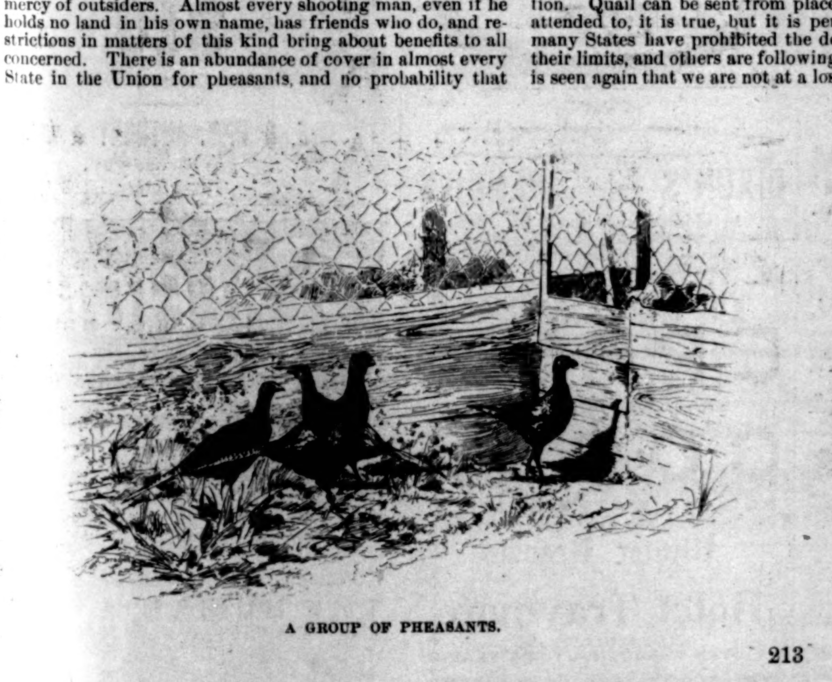
THE HATCHING COOP.

Without attempting to follow the technical distinctions of ornithologists, who name about forty varieties under the genus pheasant in the Old World, there are only five of the true *phasianus* properly denominated "game." These are English, Chinese, Japanese, Reeves, and Soemmerring. The process of selection may be still further extended so as to include none but the first two named, these being particularly adapted to our needs and climatic conditions. That they are in no sense native to this country apparently makes no difference, for when brought here they lose nothing in hardiness and prolificness. They endure heat probably as well as the quail, and pass through the most severe cold with no perceptible diminution in numbers or strength. Hardiness is their main characteristic, this being shown not only in their wild state, but when undergoing transportation. Quail can be sent from place to place when properly attended to, it is true, but it is pertinent to point out that many States have prohibited the deportation of these from their limits, and others are following their example. Here it is seen again that we are not at a loss for sufficient statutes.

The English bird is larger than, and some say of superior flavor to, the Chinese; but crediting the latter with more gorgeous plumage, the advantages of one over the other balance so nicely that a decision against either must be the result of close analysis. For the present, not being thoroughly acquainted with the birds, the two varieties are considered together when pheasants are discussed. It is so in England, where they have been associated together for so long that a thoroughbred is difficult to find. But a preponderance of either strain can be determined by an expert, one means being that the English has no white ring around the neck as the other has. However, the first is the older, having been carried to Great Britain by the Roman conquerors—such is the generally accepted theory—while the younger species has only been known there several hundred years. Naturalists do not regard the latter as identical with the Mongolian pheasants, which come from northern China, but the variation is too trifling for long discussion. The English are found in nearly all the countries of Continental Europe, and in New Zealand also, where the Chinese, though introduced later, are far more abundant. The latter are apt to spread themselves over a large area of country, for, being great wanderers, they are hard to keep in bounds, and besides have a habit of corrupting the strain by intermingling with any variety with which they come in contact. Consequently those birds showing the greatest amount of English blood are more desirable for stocking preserves, staying where they are put, and by careful breeding the foreign taint may be almost wholly eradicated. But if the government is ever going to stock our woodland as it does now our streams, the Oriental bird will probably be best suited to the purpose. But there is no difference, other than the one noted, in the habits of the two varieties. They frequent thick groves with dense undergrowths of bushes, brambles, and grass, venturing into the open at times, but always near to their favorite haunts in the cover. At night they roost in trees, and are thus not to be as easily caught by foxes, weasels, and minks as if they were on the ground. But their nests, consisting of nothing but a shallow hole scratched in the ground, are made with no regard to anything but concealment. It is remarkable, though well known to old gunners, that all birds lose the scent which is their peculiar flavor during the breeding season—a wise provision of nature to protect them from their keen-nosed enemies while reproducing.

There are several pheasant-breeders on a small scale in the United States who supply birds and eggs for hatching in limited quantities, but as yet there is practically but one "pheasantry" such as is seen in Europe. This one was established three years ago, near the station of Mahwah, in New Jersey, on the Erie Railroad, by Mr. Verner de Guise, of the well-known English family of that name. It is about thirty miles from New York, occupying a comparatively small part of the extensive tract of land belonging to Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer, who is himself a great believer in the utility of the pheasant. Mr. De Guise acquired his knowledge of them in France, where he operated a pheasantry for seven years prior to his removal here. He was led to do this through the counsel of one of the best-known breeders in Europe, who expects this country to be soon thoroughly devoted to this game. A practical and thorough sportsman, he has supplemented his experience, gained by hunting throughout Europe and in India, by comprehensive study of the subject, to which he now devotes his attention. The enterprise has been so far very successful, and many large preserves have been stocked from his pens.

As some of the birds he has are more English than Chinese, and *vice versa*, it is palpably impossible to portray their appearance in general terms, but with a description of a pure specimen of each species the varying hybrid may be ima-



A GROUP OF PHEASANTS.

TRAP FOR CATCHING PHEASANTS.

gined by inference, remembering that in all cases it is only the cocks who are brilliant in color, and that the Chinese bird increases this at the expense of size. The females are smaller than the males, and of dark mottled brown plumage.

The average length of the English male bird is thirty-four inches, from the curved yellow bill to the tip of the long tail of eighteen greenish-yellow feathers crossed by black bars. The top of the head is brownish-green with yellow margins, two short tufts of feathers rising back of the eyes, which are surrounded by clean red skin dotted with black. The neck shows delicate shades of green, blue, and orange, the breast being like burnished copper, relieved by purple tips on each feather. The sides have the same colors more brilliantly displayed, while the forepart of the back has them in subdued tones. The wings are brown, and the rump a deep red. The plumage of a light game-cock is not so striking, and is a poor illustration of the English pheasants when seen at a short distance; but when it comes to supplying a simile for the Chinese none can be found. This beautiful variety is less than thirty inches in length, and with his short legs he stands not unlike a common pigeon in posture. The forehead is a deep green with a crown of soft fawn-color. Back of the eyes, extending to and below the tufts, the naked skin is a brilliant scarlet. Over the eyes, above a strip of the scarlet which reaches there, are single bars of creamy white. The throat is a rich green with a sheen of violet extending downwards to the white collar at the base of the neck, slightly wider at the sides than above and below. Reddish-chestnut feathers tipped with black cover the breast, the same shade prevailing on the upper part of the back, though here mixed with buff and white. Near the rump is a bunch of clear violet, while on the abdomen is a similar marking in black. The wings are light yellow on the outer edges, with a spot of silvery gray near the muscles, the tail being olive with a fringe of reddish-violet. All the colors harmonize exquisitely in the plates of *L'Acclimatation Illustrée*, from which the above detailed descriptions were written. But no words can paint the beauty of the bird.

Mr. De Guise has chosen for the name of his place the very fitting title, the American Pheasantry. His cottage is surrounded by green fields of timothy grass and clover, amid which wild flowers grow in profusion. The ground, though level for several hundred yards in each direction, is high and dry, and the water is drained off quickly after showers. The fields are all fenced in with wire netting with two-inch meshes, and from the surface, in which it is securely embedded, it rises to a height of ten feet. In the summer-time, when everything is in full blast at the pheasantry, one can always hear the musical "peeping" of the little fledglings, and the answering "clucking" of the mother hen, with an occasional cry from the cocks in the breeding pens as something startles them. The noise they make sounds like the first tentative efforts of a young rooster, except that whereas the latter flaps his wings and crows afterwards, the former "drums," and then sounds his note. They make this drumming noise just as our grouse do; and, by-the-way, these birds are often erroneously called "pheasants," but none of the latter have feathered legs. Their wings are short and rounded, and the muscles are extremely strong and flexible. In drumming they move them so rapidly that they seem like gauze.

The laying season begins about the middle of April, and before that time all the birds that are wanted for this purpose are caught from the open field, where they have run all winter, and put in huge pens. These are eighteen feet square, or thereabouts, and are arranged in one large rectangle, with alleys between each alternate double row, so that access can be had to them through doors or gates left in the wire meshing for that purpose. The corners are darkened with water-proof hoods smeared with a disinfecting mixture, as indeed is everything about the place. These retreats are for the birds to lay under. The pens being in an apple orchard, the leaves afford shade, and worms and larvæ also, for the insatiable crops beneath. Clumps of grass are left to grow about in spots, the rest of the ground being loosened to encourage "bathing" and scratching. Five hens are put in with one cock, and unless they do not get along well together, the family is not disintegrated until the end of the season—and not then, for all are kept in one field. Birds one year old are preferred for laying, the older ones being sold off to preserves where they will be less confined. Two or three years in such small quarters make a difference in their powers of propagation, but they recuperate rapidly in the woods. Great care is exercised in choosing healthy birds, but if a weak one should be discovered—and they are rare—his neck is wrung on the spot, for Mr. De Guise has no hospital for contagious diseases. Sickness, to reiterate, is not frequent enough to require one. The manner of catching the birds to put in the pens is simple. They are driven into a large box, commodious enough to allow two attendants to get inside comfortably, with the top and sides covered with bagging to prevent injury to the captives in their efforts to escape. Wide "wings" of wire netting extend out into the field from the entrance to the box, and when a man is sent to walk slowly towards the birds all within the radius of the wings run wildly to their fate. They do not try to fly unless startled, but their legs carry them along very fast. Once inside they are handed out one at a time to have a wing clipped. Even in this condition they make strenuous attempts to fly when alarmed in the pens, turning ludicrous somersaults in the air, only to come down unceremoniously and try again.

The average hen will lay about forty eggs in the interval from the beginning of the season to the middle of July, when it is practically over. During this period the birds are fed twice a day—in the forenoon on a mixture of cracked dog-biscuit, meal, and pulverized oyster-shells, softened with milk, and in the afternoon the diet is changed to grain. With the appearance of the first eggs attendants begin to go around in the late afternoon, near sunset, with flat-bottomed baskets in which to collect them. This is done every day, as regular as clock-work, for the hatching is not done by the pheasants, but by common barn-yard hens.

Several weeks before the first eggs are laid the farmers in the neighborhood are notified that sitting hens will be needed at the pheasantry, and soon after All-Fools day they begin to bring in all their surplus stock. These are purchased at market prices and confined in ventilated boxes arranged in tiers inside the barn, the hens being satisfied to sit on porcelain eggs until needed for actual utility. When the pheasants have supplied enough eggs, the work of putting the latter down is begun. Back of the barn, on a gentle slope, are long rows of oblong coops, each one consisting of a closed box with a removable lid for the nest, and a diminutive yard a few square feet in area for the hen to exercise in. This is enclosed by wire netting, and provided with a separate drinking-pan of earthen-ware. From fifteen to eighteen eggs are set in each nest, the number depending upon the size of the hen, which may be a bantam or a Plymouth Rock. When she is very large she may take twenty, for they are smaller than her own, light green in color, and so rich that only their expensiveness precludes their coming into general use for salads and mayonnaises. Each one is tested to see that it is not cracked, and the date of the setting is marked on the top of the nest-box. The period of incubation is twenty-four days, and should, in the daily inspection, any hen show a disposition to shirk her duties, she is promptly disqualified and another is substituted. But generally they are assiduous, and remain at their posts till the end.

When the young birds begin to appear, before the 1st of June, the constantly increasing duties of the attendants reach their maximum. Every evening the coops are examined to collect the little peepers, from whence they are transferred in baskets to one of the enclosed fields, in which light wooden coops are set down in regular rows in the grass. Around each of them is a little space fenced in with boards, and while the foster-mother is secured inside, the chicks can run out between the slats into this yard. By the time they have become strong enough to leap the low walls of their prison, they have also learned to know the "cluck" of their protector, and where to come back at nightfall. Six times a day they are fed on a sort of custard, made of cracked pheasant eggs and milk from which the whey has been expressed. When two months old they are trapped and removed to another field, having no further need for the shelter of their mother's wings. The number of feedings is gradually reduced in the mean time to three a day, and the food becomes more substantial by the addition of grain. They grow wilder every day, and it is difficult to get more than a momentary glimpse of them as they dart through the grass, rustling the blades like a summer breeze. By October the early birds have attained to full growth, passing the winter undisturbed and with need for little care. The only discomfort they undergo is in the traps when their wings are clipped. Practically all the work of breeding is done in the summer, the employés being engaged in the winter in constructing pens, coops, and such artificial aids as are needed.

In disposing of his birds Mr. De Guise advises that those with most English blood be secured, as he considers them gamer, and esteems the point of size to be important. Not to mention the alleged superiority of flavor, many think as he does, but there is a general liking for the beauty of the Chinese which cannot be ignored. But these variations have been alluded to, and, after all, individual preference is likely to prevail.

The pheasant shooting now done in this country is on the English plan, because it is as yet a sport for the wealthy. When they have become more common, our admirable plan of hunting with dogs will probably be popular. The season opens in Great Britain about October, when the gunners have been firing at partridges for two months, and are tired of that sport for the time. The owner of an estate where there are pheasants will have three or four "battues," or beatings, in a season. From half a dozen to a dozen friends are invited to share in the amusement. Only outlying birds

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The Hudson River for one hundred and fifty miles.

The beautiful Mohawk Valley in which are some of the finest landscapes in America.

Niagara Falls — the world's greatest cataract.

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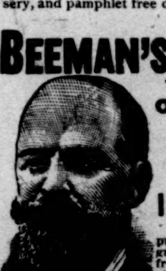

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Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

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DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES relieved by using Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums. New scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet. Mention this paper.

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can be shot at first, as the leaves are not off the trees until the end of November, but where the birds are abundant no small quantity can be found on the edges of woodland. When the twigs become bare a second battue may be given, lasting several days, as long as there is ground to go over. A third is in order during the Christmas holidays, with possibly a fourth near the end of January. In this plan of shooting, the sportsmen are placed at stands assigned by the game-keeper, and the game is driven over their heads and back again by his men.

New things are almost invariably expensive, and pheasants are no exception. The birds cost from two to three dollars apiece, and the eggs twice as much a dozen. But it is asserted that the dead game can be sold to poulterers for at least half the price of the live bird. Who that can afford it would grudge a golden eagle to bag two brace of such as they? In the future, however, when pheasants become common here, the sport can be indulged in with a small proportion of such an outlay.

WILLIAM SIRRINE.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN'S COLLIES.

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, the banker and capitalist, is a many-sided man, but of course much better known by the public in connection with his serious occupations than in any other. Those who have had the best opportunities to judge of his characteristics say that his predominating trait is thoroughness. At any rate, the public has long been in the habit of believing that his active co-operation in any enterprise, whether one of finance, charity, or education, was a rather satisfactory guarantee of success. An instance of the thorough way in which he does things is to be found in the success of the Cragston Kennels, in which sheep-dogs or collies are bred, and it is not impossible that a visitor to these kennels, if that visitor be a genuine lover of dogs, will come quite as near to Mr. Morgan's real self as those who see him in his counting-room or sit next to him at a directors' table. Mr. Morgan is himself an enthusiastic lover of dogs, and for twenty years has been an importer of them from England and a breeder of them at home. He first went in for mastiffs, and later abandoned these for collies. Until two years ago he had not been an exhibitor at the bench shows, though some of the dogs he bred and gave away achieved great distinction as the winners of prizes.

A little while ago, however, Mr. Morgan concluded to breed scientifically from the best obtainable stock, and as a preliminary secured the services of Mr. Robert K. Armstrong as manager of his kennels, which take the name, Cragston, of the Morgan place on the Hudson River near West Point. Several very fine specimens of the collie family were brought from England, and with these and their progeny Mr. Morgan entered the lists as a competitor for bench-show honors. His first year was satisfactory; last year he can be said to have carried everything before him, and this year at the shows in Saratoga and New York he is repeating the successes of 1893. And what is even more satisfactory, several dogs of Mr. Morgan's own breeding have been consistent winners in the ring. Among these may be mentioned the champion Roslyn Wilkes, Blizzard, and Rhoderick Dhont. I fancy there is more satisfaction in breeding one winner of first-class prizes than in buying half a dozen. The long pocket-book can purchase the blue-ribbon dog, but it takes scientific forethought and careful reasoning to breed dogs of the very first class. Now and then, of course, in some chance way, very nearly perfect specimens are produced, but the careful breeder expects that nearly all of the progeny of properly crossed dogs will come up to a high standard. Were these things not so, breeding would be stripped of many of its pleasures and compensations. And specially great is the satisfaction of good results from a proper blending of strains to a man like Mr. Morgan, who does not sell his dogs or make a business of breeding and rearing them, but maintains his kennels purely for his pleasure and the pleasure of his friends.

The Cragston Kennels, only finished a year ago, are as complete in their appointments as any in this country. Every facility for comfort and cleanliness—a requisite always of importance, but of vital importance in a house for dogs—has been provided, and the manager and his assistants are on the spot night and day to prevent mishaps and to minister to any that may be ill. When there are many dogs kept together—there are about fifty in Mr. Morgan's kennels—it is very desirable that they be under constant observation, as dogs running wild are likely to contract many habits that are objectionable in themselves and that unfit them for service as companions. And this is really all the modern show collie is. Here and there there may be a winner of the bench-show blue ribbons that is also trained to be the shepherd's assistant, but this is rare in this country, and also in England. It is a pity that it should be so, and I wonder that the Collie Club does not give valuable prizes for those dogs that have in the field qualified to enter in some important class in the bench shows. This has been done with pointers and setters, with quite satisfactory results. Why not with collies? Perhaps Mr. Morgan, as the owner of the best show collies in the country, could suggest this with a better grace than any one else.

The collie or sheep-dog has been the most valuable of his race, and his intelligence is as great as that of any other. Some authorities, indeed, maintain that the collie is the most intelligent of all dogs. To bear out this one could gather without difficulty in Scotland stories that would seem to indicate that the working collie had almost human powers of reasoning. But his usefulness, so far back as his history stretches, has been always conceded. The Ettrick Shepherd ventured the opinion that without the collie the Highlands of Scotland would be almost useless for sheep-farming purposes, and he adds, "it would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to the markets than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining." This useful work is not done by instinct alone, but by instinct and training. And the training has so developed the instinct that it is transmitted to the progeny in an increased degree. The puppy of a long line of working-dogs will not only take to work much more naturally than the offspring of dogs that during generations lived in idleness, but the work will be done more intelligently and thoroughly. The show dogs, therefore, while they are handsomer in appearance and more amiable in manners than the working-dogs, have certainly retrograded in a most important regard. And as it does not seem to me necessary that this retrogression should continue, I have ventured here to suggest a way by which at least the beginning of an improvement might be made.

Mr. Morgan bought Bendigo several years ago. This dog had in England a great record as a winner of prizes, for he won everything for which he competed. He has only been shown once in this country, and then he won. His fame in America rests upon his record as a sire, and that is honorable, indeed, for many of his get have reached the challenge class, and won the enviable distinction of champions. Bendigo is considered by those who have followed the fashion in collies to its greatest length to be too wide over the skull or forehead. This seems a strange fault, and there be many who do not agree that it is a fault at all, but, on the contrary, a great merit. Of Roslyn Wilkes, those of us who have paid any attention to bench shows have heard much in the past two years. This dog has been wonderfully successful, and is a great credit to the strain whence he came. His sire, Scotilla, was once invincible in the show-ring, and the dam Bertha has been the mother of many very wonderful dogs—Bendigo and Jackye Dean, for instance. This year, however, Roslyn Wilkes has been beaten by Wellbourne Charlie, of the Chestnut Hills Kennels, and it is more than likely that another of Mr. Morgan's dogs will prove the winner over him before the show season is at an end. The dog that seems likely to do this is Sefton Hero, recently purchased by Mr. Morgan in England, where the dog's record stands fifty-nine first prizes, thirty-four special prizes, and fifteen cups and medals. In this country Sefton Hero has only been exhibited once, and then at Saratoga in January of this year, where he won the first special and a medal. He will undoubtedly soon qualify for the challenge class, and then he will meet the most distinguished dogs in the country, including perhaps his kennel companion Roslyn Wilkes. The British successes of Sefton Hero were achieved at shows all the way from Aberdeen and Edinburgh in Scotland to Birmingham, Liverpool, and London in England.

Among the other new dogs introduced to the American public for the first time at the Westminster Kennel Club show of last week are Charlton Phyllis by Sefton Hero, and Lady Christopher by the famous Christopher. Mr. Morgan paid $1250 each for these bitches, and they will both doubtless repeat on this side their English successes. Before Charlton Phyllis was twelve months old she had won thirty-nine prize cups and special, and Lady Christopher had been equally fortunate, adding to her record the further distinction of beating her famous sire, now also in America. It would be interesting if there were space to say something of each of Mr. Morgan's dogs, but that cannot be. I cannot refrain from recording, however, the very remarkable success that Mr. Armstrong, the kennel manager, has had in breeding for color. He has obtained several litters almost entirely white, or white spotted, or flecked with orange. These dogs, of which Blizzard, already a prize-winner, is one, are sure to attract much attention wherever they are seen.

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